National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

LETTER FROM CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

To the Editor of the New-York Evening Post:

Dear Sir:—Some time since, upon the application of General Dix for any evidence I might have to prove a fact deemed of much historical as well as political importance, I was induced to vary from a rule which I have established for my own guidance as the depository of the diary of the late John Quincy Adams, at least so far as to consent to furnish him with an exact copy of certain portions relating to the matter then in question. A part of what I supplied was used by that gentleman in a speech which he made in the Senate of the United States, and that part, when taken in connection with another paper, found among those left by Mr. Monroe, which the same gentleman had previously obtained from a source wholly independent of and unknown to me, seemed to place beyond a reasonable doubt the point he desired to establish, to wit, that President Monroe, in March, 1820, had proposed to the members of his cabinet two questions touching the power of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the territory of the United States; and that those members had *all* of them answered in writing affirming the power. Thus the matter remained, not seriously questioned, until the month of July last, when, in answer to a speech made by Mr. Benton, of Missouri, in which this gentleman, proceeding upon the evidence furnished by General Dix, had taken the facts as proved, the Hon. John C. Calhoun thought fit to draw them into question, and to that end, incidentally to dispute the validity of the testimony which I had been the instrument to supply.

The passage of Mr. Calhoun's address bearing upon the diary, is in these words:

"The diary of Mr. Adams furnishes the only opposing evidence. Now I hold it to be a sound rule that a diary is no evidence of a fact against any one but he who keeps it. The opposite rule would place the character of every man at the mercy of whoever keeps a diary. It is not my object to call in question the veracity of Mr. Adams, but he was a man of strong prejudices, hasty temper, and much disposed to view things as he desired. From his temper, he would be liable to notice and mark what fell within his own views, and to pass unnoticed what did not. I venture little in saying, that if his diary should be published during the life time of those who were on the stage with him, the statements would be contradicted by many, and confirm all I have stated.

"Opposed to the statement of Mr. Adams stands the fact, that no opinions, as is admitted by Colonel Benton, are to be found on the files of the Department of State, nor any evidence that any such opinions were ever filed; although the statement purporting to be from the diary of Mr. Adams, says that Mr. Monroe directed them to be filed.

"One of two things would seem to be clear—either he fell into an error in making the entry, or that he failed to place them on file in consequence of some subsequent direction from the President. It is hardly possible, if they had been placed on file, but that they would still be there, or some evidence in existence that they had been there.

"My own recollection is, that Mr. Monroe requested the opinion of the members of his cabinet, in writing; but that, in consequence of want of time to prepare a written opinion, or some other cause, none was given; and this I stated in the Senate when General Dix brought up the question as to the opinion of the cabinet of Mr. Monroe, before the fact was disclosed that there was no written opinion on the files of the Department. I have entire confidence that if any was given, it amounted to no more than the simple affirmation or negation of the power. The time did not admit the preparation of an elaborate opinion, and if any such had been given, it is impossible that I should forget it, and next to impossible that it should so long have remained concealed from the public."

In this extract I do not perceive that Mr. Calhoun impeaches the statement of Mr. Adams, that Mr. Monroe *did* call for the opinion of his cabinet officers in writing. On the contrary, he expressly admits that his recollection concurs with the record, in this particular. So far there can be no dispute. The only portion of the diary which he does question, is that which affirms the opinions to have been actually given in, and deposited in the Department of State. It appears that Mr. Adams, whose duty it was, as Secretary, to see that the deposite was made, under the instruction of the President, acknowledges the reception of the papers for the purpose. This would then seem to come within the narrow rule applied to a diary by Mr. Calhoun himself. It is "evidence of a fact against the person who keeps it." It is not, and could not be evidence *against* any one else.—Neither "strong prejudices, hasty temper, nor a disposition to view things as he desired," which Mr. Calhoun imputed to Mr. Adams, could have impelled him to suppose himself to be performing a mere act of official duty, in recording the opinions of others with whom he did not agree, when he was, in fact, doing no such thing. Mr. Adams's habitual accuracy, in executing his public duties, has rarely been brought into question, even by his most prejudiced and violent enemies—and his memory was too good not to preclude the idea suggested by Mr. Calhoun, that he so far should have forgotten any subsequent direction of President Monroe, rescinding his first instruction to cause these opinions in writing to be filed, as to omit a notice of so remarkable a change of action altogether. Against such violent suppositions as these to which Mr. Calhoun has resorted, I must, in spite of this gentleman's notion of the authority of a diary, be allowed to persist in the belief, that a plain, downright record of facts, made at the moment when they happen, is entitled to infinitely more than the weight, halting, imperfect and doubtful recollections to the contrary of thirty years afterwards.

Let this be as it may, the argument directed by Mr. Calhoun against the record of Mr. Adams, has been still further weakened, since it was published, by the discovery made in the Department of State by Mr. Westcott, lately the Senator from Florida, a gentleman whose geographical, not less than his political position, gives abundant weight in this instance to his impartial testimony, of an entry on "the register of letters received 1817 to 1820, No. 1," in the handwriting of Mr. King, a clerk of the Department, who has been many years dead, to the following effect:

"March 8, 1820. Adams, Crawford, Calhoun, Wirt and Thompson, Messrs. Washington, March 4, 1820. Their opinions in writing upon the constitutionality of the law for the admission of Missouri into the Union."

Of course, the inference Mr. Calhoun has endeavored to draw from the fact, that there is no "evidence on the files of the Department, that any such opinions were ever filed," falls at once to the ground, and the testimony of the diary is to a corresponding extent sustained. How it happens that the opinions themselves are not to be found, it is not within the writer's province to discuss. His purpose is only to contribute what he may to sustain what he believes to be a true record of an important historical fact.

To this end, and in order to do justice to Mr. Calhoun, I have determined to publish all that I find in the diary relating to him in connection with this matter. I think it will serve perfectly to explain the variations in the phraseology of the draught of Mr. Monroe's letter to General Jackson, which Mr. Calhoun is unable to account for—for it will show wherein the cabinet was not "unanimous," although it was "explicit" in favor of the constitutionality of prohibiting Slavery in the territories. It will also serve to show how fully the constitutional question was entered into at that time. It will further serve to show the reason why no elaborate opinion was given, as Mr. Calhoun justly presumes was the fact; that it was not "want of time," as he supposes, but rather his own dexterous modification of the form of the question proposed by the President, by means of which the differing members of the cabinet could arrive through opposite roads at the same result. Yet it would appear that out of all the opinions given, Mr. Adam's alone consisted of a simple affirmation. The others, although brief, seem to have been preceded by reasons.

I have appended a note of the private conversation afterwards held with Mr. Calhoun, because I earnestly desire to do him no injustice. The opinions of the sublime merits of Slavery, there expressed by him, are, I presume, just such as he would be ready to stand by now. I trust they will fully disprove the intimation in his address of July, that Mr. Adams "would pass *unnoticed* what did not fall within his own views." What his own views were, and how opposite to those of Mr Calhoun, then not less than in his latest days, will fully appear. But it should be remembered that at the time they were expressed, his personal relations with Mr. Calhoun were of the most friendly character. The writer can distinctly remember the period, and can confidently aver that whatever may have been "the strength of the prejudices, the haste of temper, or the disposition to view things as he desired," of Mr. Adams, they were all at that time enlisted in favor of Mr. Calhoun, and not against him—nor does he recollect any period since, when, however vehemently opposed to the slaveholding doctrines of that gentleman, he ever failed to do justice to his public abilities, and to his private character.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1820. March 3d. When I came this day to my office, I found there a note requesting me to call at one o'clock, at the President's house. It was then one, and I immediately went over. He expected that the two bills for the admission of Maine, and to enable Missouri to make a constitution, would have been brought to him for his signature, and he had summoned all the members of the administration, to ask their opinions in writing, to be deposited in the Department of State, upon two questions. 1st. Whether Congress had a constitutional right to prohibit Slavery in a territory? and 2d, whether the 8th section of the Missouri bill, (which interdicts Slavery *forever* in the territory north of 36 1-2 latitude,) was applicable only to the territorial State, or would extend to it after it should become a State? As to the first question, it was unanimously agreed that Congress have the power to prohibit Slavery in the territory, and yet neither Crawford, Calhoun nor Wirt could find any express power to that effect given in the constitution; and Wirt declared himself very decidedly against the admission of any implied powers.

The progress of this discussion has so totally merged in passion all the reasoning faculties of these slaveholders, that these gentlemen, in the simplicity of their hearts, [illegible] in direct opposition to their premises, without being aware, or conscious of inconsistency. They insisted upon it, that the clause in the constitution which gives Congress power to "dispose of, and make all *needful* rules and regulations, respecting the territory and other property of the U. States," had reference to it only as land, and conferred no authority to make rules, binding upon the inhabitants; and Wirt added the notable Virginian objection that Congress could make only *needful* rules and regulations, and that a prohibition of Slavery was not *needful*. Their argument, as John Randolph said of it in the House, covered the whole ground, and their compromise, measured by their own principles, is a sacrifice of what they hold to be the constitution. I had no doubt of the right of Congress to interdict Slavery in the territories, and urged that the power contained in the term, "dispose of," included the authority to do every thing that could be done with it as mere property, and that the additional words authorizing needful rules and regulations respecting it, must have reference to persons connected with it, or could have no meaning at all.

As to the force of the term "needful," I observed it was relative, and must always be supposed to have reference to some end. Needful, to what end?—needful in the constitution of the United States to any of the ends for which that compact was formed. Those ends are declared in its preamble; "to establish justice," for example. What can be more needful to the establishment of justice, than the interdiction of Slavery where it does not exist? As to the second question, my opinion was, that the interdiction of Slavery in the 8th section of the bill, "*forever*," would apply, and be binding upon the State, as well as upon the territory, because by its interdiction in the territory, the people when they come to form a constitution, would have no right to sanction Slavery. Crawford said, that in the new States which have been admitted into the Union upon the express condition that their constitutions should consist with the perpetual interdiction of Slavery, it might be sanctioned by an ordinary act of their legislatures.

I said, that whatever a State legislature might do in point of fact, they could not, by any rightful exercise of power, establish Slavery. The Declaration of Independence not only asserts the natural equality of all men, and their inalienable right to liberty, but that "the only *just* powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed." A power for one part of the people to make slaves of the other, can never be derived from consent, and therefore is not a just power. Crawford said, this was the opinion that had been attributed to Mr. King. I said it was undoubtedly the opinion of Mr. King, and it was mine; I did not want to make a public display of it, where I might excite irritation; but if called upon officially for it, I should not withold it. But the opinion was not peculiar to Mr. King and me. It was an opinion universal in the States where there are no slaves; it was the opinion of all those members of Congress who voted for the restriction upon Missouri, and of many of those who voted against it. As to the right of imposing the restriction upon a State, the President had signed a bill with precisely such a restrictiou upon the State of Illinois. Why should the question be made now, which was not made then? Crawford said that was done in conformity to the compact of the ordinance of 1787; and besides, the restriction was a nullity, not binding upon the legislatures of those States.

I did not reply to the assertion, that a solemn compact, announced before heaven and earth, in the ordinance of 1787—a compact laying the foundation of security to the most sacred rights of human nature against the most odious of oppressions—a compact solemnly renewed by the acts of Congress enabling the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to form State governments, and again by the acts for admitting those States into the Union—was a *nullity* which the legislatures of either of those States may at any time disregard and trample under foot. It was sickening to my soul to hear the assertion, but to have discussed it there would have been useless, and only have kindled in the bosom of the Executive the same flame which has been raging in Congress, and in the country. Its discussion was unnecessary to the decision of the question proposed by the President.

I therefore only said that the ordinance of 1787 had been passed by the old Congress of the confederation without authority from the States, but had been tacitly confirmed by the adoption of the present constitution, and the authority given to Congress in it, to make needful rules and regulations for the territory. I added, that in one of the numbers of the *Federalist*, there was an admission that the old Congress had passed the ordinance without authority, under the impulse of necessity, and that it was used as an argument in favor of the enlarged powers granted to Congress in the Constitution. Crawford said it could therefore have little or no weight as authority. I replied that it was not wanted as authority; that, when the old confederation was adopted, the United States had no territority, nor was there in the act of confederation, in which the powers of Congress under it were enumerated, a word about territory; but there was a clause interdicting to Congress the exercise of any powers not expressly given them. I allude to the origin of the confederation with our revolution, to the revolutionary powers exercised by Congress before the confederation was adopted; to the question whether the northwestern territory belonged to the United States or the separate States; to the delays occasioned by that question in the acceptance of the confederation, and to the subsequent cessions of territory by several States, to the Union, which gave occasion for the ordinance of 1787. To all which, Crawford said nothing.—Wirt said that he perfectly agreed with me, that there could be no rightful power to establish Slavery where it was *res nova*. But he thought it would be the force of the act of Congress that would lead to this result; the principle itself being correct, though Congress might have the power to prescribe it to a sovereign State. To this my reply was, that the power of establishing Slavery not being a sovereign power, but a wrongful and despotic power, Congress had a right to say that no State undertaking to establish it *de novo*, should be admitted into the Union, and that a State that should undertake to establish it would put herself out of the pale of the Union, and forfeit all the rights and privileges of the connection.

Mr. Neville Williams, a correspondent of *The* (London) *Nonconformist*, from whose contributions to that paper we have once before quoted, gives in the last number a very clear account of the causes of the present wretched condition of the planting interest in the British West Indies. We advanced precisely the same notion in a series of articles in the *Standard*, two years ago, and are gratified to find it confirmed by such respectable authority as Mr. Williams, who has resided, as a stipendiary magistrate, we believe, five years in Jamaica. That he was not wanting in fulfilling the responsible duties of such an office in a community where Slavery was recently abolished, we judge from the fact that he has been, as he says in the article before us, "twice challenged to fight a duel, and a dozen times times threatened to be horsewhipped; called in my own house 'a lily-livered rascal;' tried in the Supreme Court of Judicature for assault and battery, and undue interference with domestic institutions; had my wife insulted and terrified in my absence by a big bully of a fellow parading in front of the house with a pistol; and endured divers other miseries incident to an honest discharge of duty under very trying circumstances."

"But," he adds, "in noting these bygone records I have not a single feeling of bitterness towards my old friends, the West Indian planters, for any or for all of their misdeeds. How could men part with slaves without a wrench? After committing themselves to the guilty phantasm, that man might buy what was woman-born and feel no shame, one cannot be surprised at the general depravation of morals and disregard of the courtesies of life, which has been so long the stigma of these colonial possessions.

[illegible]
Their *nature* is the best one, and excuse."

He thus proceeds:

—Besides which, the West Indians are now reaping so fully and so justly the reward of their own folly and blindness to the future, that one need not kick them now they are down. All through those four years of apprenticeship, as if smitten with a judicial curse, was the plantocracy set on alienating the laboring population from their former proprietors.—Although land was abundant and cheap, the negroes had in most cases saved up a little money during the long years of Slavery, from the sale of feathered stock &c, and there was the prospect of the people, as they became free, retiring to their own small freeholds thus acquired, and abandoning the cultivation of sugar and coffee, what cared the representatives of absent proprietors? Although manumission was made compulsory, and the planter was obliged to release those who were able to pay for their own thews and muscles, what cared the planting attorney, or his tool, the manager, so as they could but send the "rascals" out of the house of bondage, insulted and enraged as well as emancipated? Ye gentlemen of England, that once lived at home at ease; ye inhabitants of the kingdoms of Cockaigne and Belgravia! whose pleasant [illegible] of long and uninterrupted Pactolian streams were to gladden your inheritance, listen to one who will a tale untold as to some of the causes of present West India distress. Let my readers who eschew politics skip this chapter; it is one of the advantages of these sketches, that, like a grammatical sentence, each one forms a distinct and complete sense of itself.

Bear with me, gentlemen, while I remind you of *one fact*, too often blinked in this discussion: a fact kept out of sight as much as possible in the examinations that took place last year for so many weary days before Mr. Hutt's committee: a fact of which I remind you lest you should think I am ignorant of your circumstances, and unable to advise you. The fact is a grave and indisputable one, that you were ruined head and tail, root and branch, long *before* the period of emancipation. Bryan Edwards, your own historian (and the only valuable historian of the West Indies,) will tell you, if you refer to his pages, that in the palmy days of the slave-*trade* fourfifths of the estates were mortgaged far beyond their original value: (of course, if you choose to live at the rate of £5,000 pound a-year when your estate was only worth £3,000 a-year, we could not object, although we knew that "settling day" must come sooner or later;) and if you refer to your own experience, or to the ledgers of Carr, Glynn, and Co., or of Hankey and Co., or of the Colonial and West India Banks, it will be found that before the end of the *apprenticeship* in 1838, nine-tenths of all the estates in the West Indies were in the hands of mortgagees, who were sucking drop by drop the very life-blood of your existence.

Admitting this fact, that you were insolvent *prior* to emancipation, and that the *twenty millions* which would have enabled you to meet the difficulties of a new state of society, and to introduce improvements into your modes of cultivation, never found its way to the West Indies at all, but was paid in to your satrap-mortgagees, who style themselves the West India party, for interest due and overdue, and that thus you were able to float for another four years: admitting these two facts, as you must if you turn to the Dr. and Cr. account of your proprietors to whom your estates were mortgaged, we shall be able to see clearly what ought to have been done to recover your estates, and prevent the ruin which has now irrevocably overtaken you. I have no pleasure in writing thus; but it is a duty I owe to the emancipated population, to prove that they *are* not the *only* causes of your bankruptcy, and that they *were* not the only slaves in the world.

No interruption, if you please! you must listen to my whole argument: you remember the ballad:—

> "He holds him with his glittering eye—
> The wedding-guest stood still,
> And listens like a three years child;
> The mariner hath his will.
>
> "The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
> He cannot choose but hear;
> And thus spake on that ancient man—
> The bright-eyed mariner."

We left you mortgaged. We shall now proceed with the penny-wise and pound-foolish system, the results of which are so miserably patent now. Being mortgaged, you had henceforth to go on all fours, and beg pardon for your existence. The unsophisticated people of England listened to your wail, and wept with you; your *recherché* dinners and bright *reunions* were suddenly terminated; you could no longer patronize the celebrated *danseuse*, or bring out your daughter at Almack's; you had to put down your equipage, and forego the drive in the park; silver-stick and gold-stick saw an alteration in your manners, for the blandness and charmingness of a West Indian were suddenly exchanged for the bluffness and curtness of a man out at elbows; the bishop on his way to the House of Lords (the *dear* man of your daughter Constantia,) didn't call so often as he used when you had some vacant place into which to poke an inconvenient hanger-on; the Under-secretary of State for the Colonies forgot you when he had some important question to ask respecting future managements and appointments: the fact was, you were "used up," and as there must be a why and because in most matters, you curled your moustache, twisted your imperial, sipped your Marcellas, and sighed (it shook the ribs of the empire,) —"Emancipation, sir, emancipation has ruined us; it came too soon, sir; it was a needless severity; they would not hear our cry, 'Country, spare these slaves;' nothing can redeem us but a return to the old system."

We left you mortgaged! let us return to that point. The West Indies are generally supposed to be distant 5,000 miles in round numbers from London, Bristol, Glasgow, and Belfast, and it is a popular and current notion that ships are necessary to convey your sugar, coffee, and rum to the British market; and also to convey to your estates the needful supplies for their cultivation. How were you *obliged* to manage? The conditions of your Slavery were very stringent; all your produce was sent home in your mortgagee's ships at *his* rate of freight, however exorbitant, and *he* sold it for you, charging you 2 1-2 per cent. commission; and when your supplies came, hoops, staves, ironmongery, cordage, medicines, &c., they were sent from the mortgagee's establishment at his rate of charges, and 2 1-2 per cent commission: you could not go into the market *with* your sugar, nor *for* your supplies. You were bound hand and foot.

We left you mortgaged! and what is worse, an *absentee!* Who ordered the supplies for your estate? your representatives or yourself? Did he order them for himself, or for his estate? You used to send Port wine, quinine, &c., as you thought for your people: but not one of your negroes ever tasted the sweet of the one, or the bitter of the other. Havn't I had many a glass of Port wine from friendly managers, who have told me afterwards it was part of the hospital supplies? Havn't I seen heaps of ironmongery, &c., that never were wanted, lying rusting and broken about the buildings? And your attorney had five per cent. on all the crops raised and exported; *he* deputed his work to a manager resident on the estate; the manager, [illegible] in his hammock and smoked his cigar, and deputed his work to the overseer or bookkeeper: and the bookkeeper went into the field, laid down beneath the shade of some mango-tree, and delegated his trust to the head men! Happy system! economical mismanagement! profitable investment! Oh, why would not the estate pay? Simply because (you can add it up yourself) these was to be paid:

Interest on the borrowed capital	5 per cent.
Commission on sales	2½ "
Ditto on supplies	2½ "
Ditto to attorney	5 "
Ditto to overcharges on freight, supplies, &c.	2½ "
	17½ "

17 1-2 per cent. before you received a farthing. All this is indisputable; and though I say seventeen, many say twenty per cent. must be paid to others before the proprietor can receive anything from his estate.

All this supposes, however, that your estate was well *managed*: that all the jobbery was above-board, and that though rogues all, your agents trusted one another, and [illegible] in their peculations. But how, if there was underneath this commission and per centage a systematic course of plunder pursued, so that, in proportion as the proprietor was beggared his absent representative was enriched?

We left you a mortgaged and absent proprietor residing in Belgravia, all smiles without and all anxiety within; and being afraid of sea-sickness and the mosquitoes, to say nothing of yellow fever, of course you couldn't think of rusticating in the West Indies, even to look after your own estates. We will tell you how matters went on, pledging you that we tell naught but truth. It is no use writing a volume to convince West Indians—because they are convinced already—here is a fact, *ex ungue leonem*. Messrs. H. and Co., proprietors and bankers, send out a friend to Trelawney, in which parish is their estate, an estate of *Arcadian* beauty, and they say thus to their friend. "When you arrive at Jamaica, you will find a small cottage on the estate; it will not be very comfortable, but you can reside in it as long as you please, if it is habitable." He arrives, and proceeds to the small cottage; when, lo, there meets him an elegant stone mansion, furnished with suitable offices and stabling *in extenso*, &c., the absent proprietor positively owner of a mansion of whose existence he has never dreamt. The attorney has built it for himself, that he may be comfortable when he visits the estate four or five times a year, and has charged it to "contingencies, repairs, and loss of cattle in his anuual balance sheet. You reply, that's an extreme case, a solitary fact; it is well you admit it to be a fact at all: we say it is only a specimen. The Hon. E. T., at the present time custos of one of the largest parishes in Jamaica, came a few years ago to that island pennyless: he managed by hook and by crook to become attorney for several estates; he soon became a rich man, and set up his carriage, which he keeps now: dabbled in the funds, gambled on the race-course, gave champaigne breakfasts, &c., and how? by running every estate he could, depreciating their value, and then writing home to his constituents, advising them to sell out at any price, and then buying himself the very estate he said could never pay!

Mr. W——, of Bristol, proprietor of some coffee estates in the parish of Manchester, had a suspicion that things were going wrong on his estate; he had gained a loss of $500 a year on his property the last three years. Saying nothing to any one, he took his passage in one of the steamers, and, on his arrival at Kingston, hired a gig, and drove up to his property. I give the result in his own words:—"Sir, I found manager and overseer in a harem, all tipsy—all kinds of obscene pictures hung round the room—wines and cigars all abundant; the next morning I went round the estate. 'Where are the waggons?' 'Oh, the attorney, Dr. D——, has them!' 'Where are the cattle?' 'They are lent out to Dr. D——'s brother!' 'Where are the horses?' 'They are sold six months ago?' 'Where are the sheep?' 'They are lost since the attorney took away the boy that watched them for a servant to himself!'" &c., &c.

All this is fact, and a thousand such could be produced; but you will cry, "Hold, hold, it is enough!" or else there is another yet, and still another, all of which brings us back to our starting point—you were insolvent prior to emancipation; you have always been an absentee; and though the circumstances that now surround you are of a most painful and perplexing character, yet neither the negro nor emancipation has caused this embarrassment. To *us*, after fourteen years' residence abroad, this is evident; to *you*, it must be an incontrovertibly-proved point; and the people of England, asked as they will be next session to advance a few more monies to meet West Indian emergencies, will say to you inhabitants of Belgravia, "We have none—go, dig!"

These are merely the *financial* illustrations of the penny-wise and pound-foolish system too long persevered in; our next will open the seraglios and prison-houses, and show you that what is *morally* wrong can never be politically right. In the meantime, we say to you, as the negro has often said to us, in reference to the relation of the rich attorney to the poor absentee, "You see, massa, how the water-withe and bind-plant climb round the big-big cotton-tree, and so they get to the top; they come down again, and wind round and round, and so the juice never get up, and the juice never get down; and by-and-by the leaves look yellow, and the bough dry to pieces, and then the big tree lose him crown of life, and so he die likewise; but all that time the water-withe and the bind-plant live on, and look quite young and green; and so you see the poor buckra in London is killed by the rich buckra in Jamaica—the Scotchman hug the Englishman to death!"

A VISIT TO VIRGINIA.

FROM JOSEPH BARKER'S JOURNAL IN 'THE PEOPLE.'

September 20. Thursday. We are now at William's-Port, Virginia, just opposite Marietta, Ohio. We arrived here last night, about half past six. Our journey from Mac'Connell's Ville hither, resembled very much our Tuesday's journey from Zanesville to Mac'Connell's Ville, except that from Mac'Connell's Ville to Beverley, about sixteen miles, the road left the river side, and took us through the interior of the country. The land was still rolling, and still rich. The crops were equal to what we had seen in any other part of the State. Beverley is a nice small place, with stores, saw-mills, &c., situated on the Eastern Bank of the Muskingham. The Muskingham is dammed up at different points, to render it navigable for large vessels. At the termination of every dam are corn-mills, &c., driven by the waters of the river, as they fall from the higher into the lower dam. At these points the towns and villages naturally rise and grow. Beverley is one of those points. Lowell, ten miles lower down, is at another such a point. At Lowell another river falls into the Muskingham, thus giving extra water power.

We reached Marietta just before dark, and as we found there was a ferry boat across the Ohio, we crossed, and spent the night in Virginia. We wanted to see what Virginia was like. We wanted to see what comparison the towns, the buildings, the taverns, &c., bore to the towns, the buildings, the taverns, &c., in Ohio. We had heard and read that the difference between a slave State and a free State was visible at once,—that on the free side of the water every thing was thriving and prosperous, and that on the slave side every thing was stagnant or declining. And so it seemed. William's-Port, on the Virginia side of the water contained about a dozen houses; while Marietta, on the Ohio side, contained about as many hundreds. We never found any difficulty in obtaining accommodations in Ohio; whereas the first night we spent in Virginia, we were obliged to get our horse accommodated at one house, and ourselves at another. One tavern had a stable, but no bed; while the other had a bed, but no stable. The situation on the Virginia side seemed as good for a town, as the situation on the Ohio side.—Virginia too was the oldest State. It was settled nearly two hundred years before Ohio. Yet Ohio was alive and thriving; while Virginia seemed asleep or dying.

We found provisions also much scarcer on the Virginia side, than on the Ohio side. In Ohio the people had their tables spread with abundance. In Virginia they had no market in [illegible] and complain that [illegible]

As soon as it was known that we were going to look at some lands in Virginia, a gentleman came and urged us to spend a few days in looking at some lands which *he* had on sale. He assured us that he could sell us lands a few miles back, for three dollars an acre, far better than the lands in the district we were going to visit. He offered to give me a lot for the erection of a cloth factory on the river side.—He said that coal could be had for five cents a bushel. I told him I had pledged myself to visit Mr. O'Connor's lands, and that as my time was short, I must visit them first. He said he would send me a plan of his lands, and a statement of his offers, by post; and thus the matter rests. I expect to find a letter from him waiting for me at my brother Samuel's on my return.

We left William's-Port about eight in the morning, for Sisterville. The road was tolerable for a short distance; but was terrible afterwards. You can form no idea either of the roughness of the road, or the terribleness of the dangers which continually meet you. Here the ground has given way, in consequence of the washing of the river below, and you must drive within an inch or two of a precipice fifty or a hundred feet deep. We did this some scores of times. At other times we had to drive along the steep and, at times, almost perpendicular side of a rocky hill, without a particle of fence to guard us from destruction. Every now and then we had to cross bridges made of loose timbers, some of them rotten, without any protection of any kind on either side. We were almost always ascending or descending steep hills; such hills as I never ascended or descended before in any kind of conveyance. And the steeper the hill, the rougher the road underfoot.—Here lay in our way a mass of huge stones, through which it was impossible to wind our way without jolting over them; so we went up, up, up; and then down down, down. You never saw such jumping and jolting since you were born. What in the world would Benjamin Stead have said if he had to ride five miles in Virginia? We rode about five and thirty miles in this way, though occasionally the road was tolerable for a mile or two. We thought the roads in Ohio were bad enough; but we found them a great deal worse in Virginia. I say at times we had huge blocks of stone in the way. At other times we had old stumps of trees. The old part of the road, in certain places, had fallen into the river, and we were obliged to take bye-roads, newly made, and bounce over the stumps of lately felled trees. In many places the inconvenience arising from the stones and stumps were greatly increased by deep *runs* in the road, caused by the rush of waters down them in rainy seasons, carrying away the soil of which the road was composed. We had sometimes stumps or stones on one side the road, and a run a foot or even two feet deep on the other side. You would have fancied you were going to throw over a hundred times, if you had been with us. Never, never since I was born, did I either see or dream of such roads before. We however got safely along. We had a steady horse, and a sober and wakeful driver.

The scenery as we went along was quite exciting. At one time it was exquisitely beautiful; at another terribly sublime. More than once we travelled along the almost perpendicular side of a high hill, with the top of the hill towering high above us, and the river flowing some hundred and fifty feet below. Again we passed over the *tops* of some of those high hills, and had a view of the river and the Ohio country for many, many miles. But it is vain attemping to describe our journey. It was the most perfect mixture of the rough and terrible with the grand and beautiful I ever experienced. It was exciting every way. But it got exceedingly wearisome at length. I was quite exhausted,—exhausted both in mind and body. I was tired; and felt myself getting terribly listless and reckless at one time. You cannot keep yourself awake amid exciting scenes for ever. You cannot fix your mind intently on any object or business for a long succession of hours, without exhaustion. My mind had been kept so long at full stretch; that it began to flag, and I was in danger more than once, in my listlessness, of allowing the carriage to be turned over.

And there was no Inn or place of public accommodation along the road. And there seemed to be no such private houses as we had met with in Ohio.—We called at one private house and asked for a little food, and the master seemed disposed to accommodate us; but on consulting the females, he found that they had nothing to eat in the house. They had eaten up their bread stuffs, he said. So, hungry and thirsty and faint, we pressed on farther. At length we came to a large farm house, about twenty-five miles from William's-Port, belonging to a man of the name of Ben Wells. Here we succeeded.—We put up the horse and gave him some corn, and then sat down to dinner ourselves. But what a different repast from what we had been accustomed to in Ohio. Cold kidney beans, fat cold pork, bread and butter and milk, with a few indifferently cooked apples, were all that they could muster for us. It was plenty,—it was as much perhaps as we cared for; but it was little and poor compared with what we had been accustomed to in Ohio. We ate and were satisfied. On looking around we saw some negroes about, and my brother suspected that we had got into the house of a slaveholder. I thought he was mistaken. It seemed hardly likely that people could keep slaves close up to the side of the river, with the houses, fields, and woods of free Ohio, full in view.—But my brother was right. Ben Wells's *were* slaveholders; and the negroes we saw were slaves, as we discovered before we left. The way I found it out was as follows. When we came out from our dinner, the negro man was cutting wood. He used his axe very lazily and carelessly, as a slave might be expected to do; still, I could hardly imagine that he *was* a slave. I went up to him and spoke to him. I said, 'There are not any slaves in this part of Virginia, I suppose?' '*Some*,' he replied. But *you* are not a slave; are you?' 'Yes, sir.' Who is your master?' 'Ben Wells.' 'And are these other colored persons slaves?' 'Yes, sir; we are all slaves. There were many slaves hereabouts formerly; but most of them ran off.' I cannot describe how I felt. I had never seen a slave, properly speaking, before; and a strange, indescribable feeling thrilled my whole soul. I should have liked to have asked him the reason why he did not run away; but the mistress and daughters were just by in sight; and I had an impression,—I had been told in fact, that slaveholders did not like strangers to talk to their slaves; so I drew the conversation rather hastily towards a close. The poor slave seemed wishful for me to talk to him a little longer, and appeared to say, by his looks, 'You have an interest in my welfare; is there nothing you can do for my deliverance?' I greatly mistook the meaning of his looks, if this was not his language: but what could I do? His legal owners were in sight, not twenty yards off; and to speak to a slave about escape was imprisonment for life. Besides the poor slave had a wife and children; and might find it impossible to escape. So I changed the subject of conversation. 'It is very warm,' I said. 'Very warm, sir, for the time of the year. I never knew it so warm before so late in the season. This season is generally the season for travelling. It is generally very cool at this season.' 'What is all this wood for?' said I; 'Is it for sale?' 'No,' said he, 'it is all for the house. They will burn all this and twice as much more during the winter.' I was afraid to stay longer; for the slave seemed to forget to use his axe while I was talking to him; and I fancied the young dames were looking at us uneasily. The eyes of the slave still looked at me in a way that seemed to say, 'Is there nothing you can do for me.' Either my tones, my looks, or my manner had made him think that I took some interest in him; and he seemed as though he would fain have detained me longer. But it was time for us to be going on our way. So I said 'God bless you,' and reluctantly left him.

The slave and his family had a little house to live in, in the yard, just opposite the front of his master's house. The master was not at home.

As soon as our horse was ready, we started on our way for Sistersville. I told my brother what had passed between me and the negro; and he appeared to feel as strangely and as strongly as I felt. We could think and speak on hardly any other subject during the remainder of the day. And whenever we came near a large brick house, we imagined it the [illegible] And we were not far wrong; for the large house next to Ben Wells's [illegible] for slaves, and that at another large house near Sistersville, they had several.

We saw very few houses of any kind along the road, and five out of six of those we did see, were poor, low, log-houses. There were twenty houses on the Ohio side of the river for one on the Virginia side; and the houses on the Ohio side seemed ten times better on an average than the houses on the Virginia side. We had been told before that we should find things so; but the reality produced a deeper impression than the verbal description had done. We had heard the difference between the two States attributed to the influence of their different institutions, and we saw not to what other cause it could be attributed. Slavery curses all things; and freedom blesses all things. On the Ohio side of the river we could see a number of villages and towns as we drove along; while on the Virginia side we saw but one; and that one was so small and contemptible, that [illegible] which it lay, we might have passed through it without knowing it to be a town. Two other towns were named on a map that I saw; but we either never saw them, or, when we *did* see them, had no idea that they were towns. A man whom we consulted about the price of land pointed us to a house just built on his estate, and said that it was the *beginning* of a town; but even he did not call it a *town*. The country altogether had a low, a languid, a miserable appearance, except in some few spots.

The last report of the Anti-Slavery Society is now before us, and its contents conclusively prove that the system of blockading the Coast of Africa has become something distinctly separable from the original design of suppressing the slave trade. The two objects are no longer pursued by the same parties or advocated in the same quarters: We do not choose to retort the charges which are occasionally made, or to argue that because the professed Abolitionists are opposed to the blockade its supporters must therefore be actuated by motives less simple than the wish to extinguish Slavery. Such recriminations can do no service to a question which can only be rightfully disposed of upon authentic evidence, by sober reason, and dispassionate judgment. We readily admit that the suppression of the slave traffic is the end which the advocates of the existing system have at their hearts; but, after saying so much, we must plainly add, that by the unreasoning obstinacy and blind fanaticism with which they have pursued it, they have greatly forfeited their claims to sympathy and wholly disentitled themselves to popular support. At this moment, as the readers will see, they find themselves in direct and uncompromising opposition to that organized society of philanthropists which first advocated the rights of the African, which procured the legal abolition of Slavery, and which was mainly instrumental in instituting that very system of suppression which, by mere force of evidence, it has now been compelled to condemn.—The sentiments of the Society, as expressed in their report, leave no room for doubt. In this remarkable document, after identifying their own opinions with the conclusions of the Parliamentary committee recently published, they reiterate their "earnest trust that Her Majesty's Government will recall the cruisers from the coast of Africa, and abandon a scheme of coercive suppression which has been found in operation, for good, and productive of many and great evils." This suggestion was actually placed first on the list of those submitted by the committee of the society to the consideration of the Government in furtherance of their special aims.

After such an example, it is really difficult to comprehend the principles upon which all those who doubt the expediency of the African blockade can be so unhesitatingly stigmatized as the friends of Slavery. It is observable that the partakers of this bigoted persuasion are indignant that the question should be even so much as proposed. They repudiate all scepticism and inquiry as compromising the duties and character of the nation. They challenge the motives which suggest the appointment of committees, impugn the character of witnesses, prejudge the evidence, and condemn the conclusion They act as if the proposed subject of inquiry were a sacred truth established beyond reach of discussion and enshrined above the scope of doubt. Yet, so far is it from being identifiable with the question of Slavery itself, that the acknowledged representatives of the Abolitionist party have joined issue direct with the advocates of the blockade. "In recommending the recall of the cruisers," said the memorial of the Anti-Slavery Society to Government, "we feel that it is equally called for by justice and benev

even the blockaders and ourselves should be of one accord. To begin with, it is beyond the possibility of denial, that our coercive measures, although they have been prosecuted with increased vigor every successive year, and entrusted to officers of of the highest known skill, *have failed* hitherto in effecting their object. The strength and efficiency of the preventive squadrons have been raised to a point never attained before, and yet the present export of slaves from the African coast does actually equal that of the period preceding the legal abolition of Slavery by this country. The average annual export of the seven years immediately before such date was about 85,000; in 1847 it was set at 84,356; and there is not, we believe, a doubt in any person's mind that it has since rather increased than diminished. These facts must be admitted on all sides, but here unhappily the unanimity stops; and there is a very enthusiastic party which would still maintain the means hitherto so ineffective, and insist only upon the extension of the identical system thus condemned. It is, however, to be further stated that a vast preponderance of professional evidence represents the blockading system as *having no tendency* to suppress the slave traffic within any conjecturable period, and as admitting no modifications or improvements by which the desired effectiveness could be secured. In this view also the Anti-Slavery Society coincides, and has acknowledged in a "survey taken of the evidence contained in official papers and correspondence," that "the coercive *principle*, as applied to the suppression of the slave trade, *has failed*." The assent of the society is given likewise, after full consideration, to the additional allegation that our system "aggravates, without to any extent diminishing, the horrors of the traffic," a point on which we have often left our readers an opportunity of forming their private judgment. These are the leading arguments against the system of blockade, but others of no inconsiderable importance are still behind. The national character is lowered by the association of such repeated failures with its most desperate efforts; the nature of the operations on the coast exposes us to a constant risk of war from the jealousies or opposition of rival nations; and the violence of our deportment precludes us from attempting with a chance of success any more peaceable or promising measures. Yet this is the system to doubt which, according to a certain school, is criminal indifference or national degeneration.

It is with great gratification that, at such a stage of the discussion, we observed the other day a turn in the tide of even popular opinion. Agitation is conducted so much more easily by appeals to passion than by addresses to reason, that any instance of the latter kind presents a very agreeable symptom. Mr. HUTT, whose Parliamentary name is connected with this laborious inquiry, was invited to a large public meeting of the Mayor, authorities, and inhabitants of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from whose hands he received the formal thanks and congratulations of those present upon his strenuous and disinterested efforts. In reply, the honorable member gave such a recapitulation of the reasons on which those efforts had been founded as could have left, we should think, no doubt or scruples respecting the true character of the question. Opposition, of course, there will be in this case, as in all others, but if either party can assert self-evident pretensions to public support it must be not that which rests upon the prophecies of Lord PALMERSTON, but that which relies upon the arguments of Mr. HUTT.—*London Times.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1849.

Mass Convention at Syracuse.

It has been determined that a CONVENTION *of the* ABOLITIONISTS *of the* STATE *of* NEW YORK *shall be held at*

Syracuse,

on TUESDAY the 15th of JANUARY, 1850.

The present aspect of National affairs in regard to the question of Slavery; the present position of political parties in relation to those affairs; the present relation which Abolitionists, who have preserved their faith inviolate, hold to those parties; and the relation which Abolitionists now sustain to each other and the cause, demand that such a Convention be held in this State; that it be held during the ensuing session of Congress; and that it shall represent the entire strength of that portion of our people who are hostile, not only to the extension of Slavery into new Territories, but to its existence anywhere: who are determined not only to resist its establishment on the Coast of the Pacific, or in the valleys of New Mexico, but are equally determined on its extirmination on the Atlantic Coast and in the valley of the Mississippi.

The events of the past year; the events of the passing week; the events, probably, which will signalize the present winter, appeal to all who assume to themselves the name of Abolitionist to arouse themselves, at once, to the work of making this the largest and most influential ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION that has ever been held in this State. The warning cry of

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS

and their abettors was never more needed than at this moment, and has never been so heeded as it will be in the present crisis.

Particulars of time, place, and probable continuance of the Convention, and names of the distinguished friends of the cause who will be present, will be given in future notices.

Political Anomalies.

THE curtain has just risen on a new Act of our political Drama, upon the Metropolitan Boards, and we shall witness scenes of tragic import, as well as comic *harlequinades*, before it falls again when the solstitial heat of the next summer shall make the theatre too hot for the actors, and disperse them to their several Buncombes. The present attitude of political affairs is one unprecedented in our own history, and anomalous in that of Constitutional Governments. For the first time since we were a Nation, a President on his Accession finds himself in a minority in both Houses of the National Legislature. This is singularly significant of the preponderance of the Slaveholding Influence in the Nation. None but a Slaveholder could have been thus placed in the Chair of State by a Minority of the People. Usually, always indeed, the Party which was strong enough to elect its Candidate for the Presidency, has been able to choose its candidates for the two Legislative Branches, and so to carry on the Administration according to its own ideas of Government. Now the Party who claims the Chief Magistrate and the direction of affairs is in a hopeless minority in both House and Senate, and cannot move hand or foot without the consent of its enemies. This extraordinary state of things finds an easy explanation in the fact that the Candidate of the Minority Party, at the last Election, had given bonds for his good behaviour in the amount of three hundred Slaves, while he of the Majority had his bare word to pledge that he would bear true Faith and Allegiance to our Paramount Lords.

This is, indeed, but the latest of the proofs of which our history since the adoption of the Constitution is full, remarkable only for being so bald and impudent, of the marvellous skill with which that Instrument was contrived so as to invest the Few with the political power of the Nation, under the pretence of securing it to the Many,—to conceal an Oligarchic Despotism under the mask of the Largest Liberty. Had it been a time when the Anti-Slavery spirit was less prevalent, or at least less loud, it is not impossible that the South would have been willing to confide in the patriotic protestations and democratic love of Slavery of General Cass. But startled as she naturally was by what seemed to her, at least, the strange apostacy of Mr. Van Buren, the man whom she once delighted to honour, it is not surprising that she hesitated to entrust her interests to any one not identified with her in the most thorough manner. The lesser matters of Tariff and Sub-treasury, of Bank and Internal Improvements, might be safely postponed until a due attention had been given to the first great law of Self-preservation. There was no danger for Slavery, nor for any measures necessary for its security or propagation as long as the Master of Three Hundred Slaves waved the Cart-whip over the Nation. Accordingly, by means of that ingenious adjustment of the machinery of our Politics which gives the Slave-owners the command of it, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Democratic States were transferred for the nonce into Whig ones, and Taylor was hoisted into the Presidency upon the shoulders of his political enemies. But though changed, Southern Democracy was not dead, and by its electors to the House it has shown that it will be found by the side of its unterrified Northern allies as ready to resist the Whiggish crotchets of Protecting of Industry and discounting the public money, as if it had not deserted them in their hour of need.

It will be a curious sight to see the seething of the political cauldron at Washington this winter. But however it may boil and bubble we may be sure, as long as its ingredients—"eye of newt and toe of frog"—are mingled by the Slaveholding witches who have always wore their mystic dance around it, that it will be "double double toil and trouble" for us. The scum will be sure to rise and be whipped off for the uses of their diabolic incantations. Being quite at ease in our minds on these essential points, we may be allowed to speculate as to the course which matters of lesser moment may be permitted or compelled to take. Whether, for example, the minority party will be permitted to occupy the high places and to dispense the loaves and fishes of the National Storehouse to the hungering multitudes, or whether the majority will drive them out at the point of the bayonet and possess themselves of that beneficent office. According to the maxims of all Constitutional Governments, except our own, such a result would be the inevitable consequence of such a posture as that in which our affairs now find themselves. By those maxims, the party that can command the Legislature is entitled to the administration of the Government, whether the Chief Magistrate wish it or not.—And for the sufficient reason that the supplies being dependent, in all such Governments, upon the Legislature, the party that can stop the whole machinery of State by cutting off the power that moves it must, of necessity, have the control of it. The dominant party in our own Congress has, of course, the same power.—Whether it will avail itself of it remains to be seen.

In England, as soon as a Prime Minister is put into a minority in the House of Commons he has nothing for it but to resign and give place to the leader of the prevailing party. The utmost that he can do to prolong his power is to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the People, if he think that the feeling of the Country is with him. If it pronounce in his favor by returning a majority of his friends, as was done in the celebrated contest of Pitt and the Coalition majority in 1784, he retains his power. If not, his departure from office is as inevitable as "when the brains are out, the man must die." So in France, even under Charles X. and Louis Philippe, the mere ghost of a Constitution was enough to scare from the helm of State any Minister who had lost the command of the Chamber of Deputies. And even in Spain and Portugal, the Premiership oscillates from Statesman to Statesman according [illegible] Representative power in the Legislative Bodies of those countries. It is reserved for this country which brags the loudest of its Constitution and the marvellous virtues thereof for the conservation of that popular rule which is the life of a Republic, to witness Cabinets existing in the face of hostile majorities and Presidents executing *coups d'etat* such as would cost any European Sovereign his Crown and any European Minister his head. This arises from the want of homogeneity in the constitution of our parties, or rather from the fact that our National parties, as now distributed, are more nominal than real, and do but mask rather than impersonate the genuine divisions of the National interests. These divisions have never yet been embodied in National parties, and the anomalous condition of matters in this respect results partly from men working in the dark and honestly heating the air thinking it solid substance, and partly from the [illegible] skill with which the two divisions of National interests have been hindered from crystallizing into National Parties.

Parties are the Embodiments of distinct Interests, really or apparently incompatible the one with the other. Where such parties exist with strongly marked lines of division between them, as the Whigs and Tories of England, the Extreme Right and Left of France, the Progresistas and Moderadoes of Spain, it is impossible that the one should retain the administration of affairs when the other has the absolute power to turn them out. For those parties represent Principles, stand for Ideas, and antagonist Principles, incompatible Ideas, must attack and expel their opposites. The difficulty here is and ever has been that there has been but One Party, one Idea made Flesh, one Principle making multitudes as one man, which has consequently had everything its own way. The Country has been divided into Factions, indeed representing the material interests of small bodies of men and the personal interests of the zealous candidates for their country's service and spoils, but these have both of them been interpenetrated and reciprocally controlled by the One Party, through the very hold it has had upon them by playing upon these selfish interests. There is nothing in the policy of a National Bank or a Sub-treasury, of Tariff or Free Trade on which to found a Party, though either is large enough to be the head of the corner of a Faction. A Faction may not descend deeper than the Pocket for its foundation; a Party must reach the Heart or, at least, some of the more earnest and overbearing of the Passions. The One American Party falls back upon Avarice and the Love of Personal and Political Power, the strongest of human Passions. What opposition could either Faction oppose to the resolute Purpose and concentrated Energies of such a Party? It is as certain of success as was Bonaparte when he could throw himself between two unwieldy divisions of the Arch-duke Charles, or Nelson when he had manœuvred his ship within raking distance of two French or Spanish First-rates.

The actual supremacy of the Party, in all matters affecting its interests, has occasioned the apparent anomaly of which we have spoken. As long as the Factions which divide the Country are but the tools of the Party that governs it through them, it is a matter of subordinate importance to it, which of them registers its edicts. The grand object of that party now is to prevent the application of the Wilmot Proviso to our land-stealings in Mexico. As long as the Attorney General, the Constitutional legal Adviser of the President, stands committed to the doctrine that such a law would be *Unconstitutional*, the Slave Party may trust its purpose safely to a Chief Magistrate whose pledge to sign whatever passes Congress is craftily qualified by the proviso, "*if it be Constitutional!*" As the worthy Mr. Blattergowl, in the Antiquary, when he drank to Miss Griselda Oldbuck's "*inclinations*," was always careful to add "provided they be *virtuous!*" It may not be worth while to dislodge an *Anti-Slavery* Cabinet of such easy virtue. It will fill the ditch as well as another. But supposing that by some strange *hocus pocus* the last election had been brought into the House, and it had so happened that Mr. Van Buren was elected, and met Congress at this time with no larger a majority against him than General Taylor has to encounter, think ye that he could keep a Free Soil Cabinet about him, even supposing the impossibility that one had been confirmed by the Senate? As soon as the Party had time to muster its forces a Vote of Want of Confidence in the Cabinet, on the part of Congress and of the Country, would be followed by the withholding of the supplies, and unless its Voice was heard and obeyed, by Impeachment and Removal. The Anomaly, then, is not real, but only in seeming; for the Governing Party has always had Administration of Affairs. There can, obviously, be no remedy for this state of things, except in the evolution of a Party as strongly imbued with an Antagonist Principle. Then the Conflict of the Powers of Light and Darkness will begin to be seen in our Public history. Thus far the Prince of Darkness has had everything his own way. But more of this hereafter.—E. Q.

General Bem's Conversion.

THOSE who have consistently maligned the cause of order and constitutional freedom in Hungary have extracted what poisonous acid they were able from Bem's assumption of Mahometanism. This acid they would fain apply as a test whereby to prove the heroic Magyars plated ware and not pure metal. The systems of such persons must be so constituted as to secrete venom from mother's-milk.

We confess that we see nothing very extraordinary in Bem's conduct. He had lived in every Christian territory of Europe except Russia. He had in his own person experimentally tried the Christianity of all Christendom. If he had no country, it had been taken from him by Christian princes. If he were an Ishmaelite, he had been made so by those who profess the religion of Jesus. He has seen his countrywomen scourged in Christian market-places with Christian knouts, and his friends starving in Christian exile or entombed alive in Christian dungeons. They were most Christian Majesties who demanded of the Turk that he should violate the sacred rites of a hospitality as old as the human heart, by delivering up the suppliants who sate at his gates to the justice of Haynau and the orthodoxy of Nicholas. Bem might have addressed the Sultan in the words of Coriolanus to Aufidius:

> "Now this extremity
> Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope
> To save my life, ... but in mere spite
> To be full quit of those my banishers,
> Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
> A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
> Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
> Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight
> And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
> That my revengeful services may prove
> As benefits to thee, for I will fight
> . . . . . with the spleen
> Of all the underfiends."

Had Bem turned renegade for the mere sake of saving his own life, he should have taken (as there is already a Reschid Pacha in Turkey) the title of Wretched Pacha. But it was the ghost of murdered Poland which beckoned him to the Turkish Camp, that ghost which for the last forty years has glided ominous into the vacant chair whenever the Macbeths of Austria, Prussia, and Russia have held council or festival. Revenge is as good a Christian as Persecution.—J. R. L.

Father Mathew.

THE Apostle of Temperance landed on our shores under an unhappy star, so far as the Slavery question is concerned Like the man in the Fable he finds it equally hard to please any party, and for precisely the same reason,—because he tries to please all. He repulsed the Abolitionists, who approached him with decent civility, not dreaming that he would repudiate here the principles he avowed at home; and this he did to satisfy the Slaveholders. He reckoned, perhaps, that as it was no offence to the Temperance People, who have him in charge, that at his first public entertainment here the table was sparkling with decanters of wine, so the Abolitionists would be equally tolerant, and equally forgetful of any winking there might be at the sin of Slaveholding. But [illegible] about his host. They took the liberty of telling that as between them and the Slaveholder and their friends, he chose the latter,—a choice which, as the attentive reader of the *Standard* has seen, seemed exceedingly gratifying to the Slaveholders, but for which their northern friends have denounced, in the strongest terms, not Father Mathew, who made the choice, but the Abolitionists who told of it. It was not the fraternization that offended, but the discovery thereof that offended

Had Father Mathew been 'to the manor born,' we have confidence enough in his sagacity to suppose he would have acted differently. Then, in the first place, he would never have signed the O'Connell Address which subjected him to so much 'odium,' and in the second place, if he had he would have known the Slaveholders too well to have attempted to escape that 'odium' now. The slaveholders never forget and never forgive. A sin against the peculiar institution is the sin unpardonable. They have rejoiced over the Reverend Father, as the lost sheep found, but when he asks admission into the flock of the faithful,—that is a thing to be considered of. Accordingly they have considered of it, and the result is that however much they [illegible] him for his fealty to the cause he once praised, they are not by that fact led to put entire faith in his friendliness to themselves. In the (Ga.) *Temperance Banner*, we find the following address from one Judge Lumpkin:—

To the friends of Temperance in Georgia:

In obedience to the mandate of the State Temperance Convention, assembled at Marietta last summer, I, as its organ, tendered to Rev. Theobald Mathew a cordial invitation to visit this State in furtherance of the object of his mission to this country. He promptly returned a favorable answer, promising, as soon as circumstances would permit, to designate the arrival. This communication was made public through the columns of the press generally.

About the first of September, one of our newspapers was placed in my hand by a friend, containing an account of an interview between Mr. Mathew and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and other leading Abolitionists at the North. It seems he was invited by these mischief-makers, to attend the anniversary celebration of the emancipation of Slavery in the British West India Islands—and being piqued at his refusal they brought forth and published a circular, purporting to have been addressed by the late Mr. O'Connell, Father Mathew, and some 70,000 inhabitants of Ireland, to Irishmen, and Irishwomen in America—calling upon them by their love for their Native Country, and every consideration calculated to stimulate their zeal, and nerve their resolution, "to unite with the Abolitionists and to never cease their efforts until perfect liberty be granted to every inhabitant of this country—the black man as well as the white." The following is a copy of this document:

[Here follows the O'Connell Address.]

This circular was [republished in the *Athens Banner* of Aug. 30, 1849.

I immediately addressed to Father Mathew a letter inclosing a copy of this highly objectionable paper, and requested to be informed whether or not it was genuine—and if so, whether he cherished the sentiments there embodied? Adding that it was my decided conviction that his capacity for usefulness at the South would depend upon his answer to these questions. I have deemed it due to myself and to you to publish this communication.

"ATHENS, Sept. 4. 1849.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Your favorable response to the invitation of the Temperance Convention of Georgia, to visit our State, caused a throb of joy to thrill through every heart. All looked forward with delightful anticipation to the time when we should take by the hand and welcome in our midst the friend of humanity and deliverer of his countrymen from the most galling servitude that ever cursed our race. In the full fruition of these happy hopes the inclosed document has found its way into our newspapers, purporting to be a circular addressed by the late Mr. O'Connell and yourself, together with 70,000 other inhabitants of Ireland, calling upon 'Irishmen and Irishwomen,' in this country, by all their memories of their native land, to cling to the Abolitionists in America, and to unite with them to put an end to Slavery here, by all peaceful means in their power. Duty to you, sir, duty to ourselves, and to the common enterprise in which we are embarked, constrains me to bring this publication to your notice, and to inquire respectfully whether or not it be genuine, and if so, to ask whether you still cherish the same sentiments which are there embodied? And to say to you in all candor, that on your answer to these interrogatories will depend your capacity for usefulness at the South. Justice to our families, our firesides, everything dear to us, forbids that we should call any man brother who unites with our enemies in waging an unproved and most relentless warfare upon our hearths and homes, our peace and prosperity.

"I will only add, in conlusion, that the pain which I feel in making this communication is greatly aggravated by the consciousness that it is calculcted to inflict a wound on a generous heart, which I would most gladly shield at any sacrifice, save that of the great interests involved in this matter I am, &c."

After waiting one month I received a very brief reply, which being marked "Private," I was not at liberty to make public without permission from the writer. In the meantime, I had learned that several Temperance Associations in the State had passed resolutions revoking the invitation which had been given—so far as they were parties to it. These proceedings were politely withheld, when it was ascertained an inquiry had been instituted by me concerning this matter.

Under these circumstances I wrote again without delay to Father Mathew. A copy of this letter is also herewith submitted to the public.

"ATHENS, Oct. 12, 1849.

"VERY REV. DEAR SIR: I received, a few days since, your favor of the 30th ult. and am constrained to say to you in candor, that in my humble judgment, it fails entirely to obviate the difficulty which I suggested in my communication of the 4th of September. It neither denies the genuiness of the objectionable document to which your attention was called, nor intimates any change on your part in the sentiments embodied in the O'Connell Circular. This being the case, the opinion expressed by me remains unaltered—namely, that a visit by you to the South, under the circumstances, would be productive of evil, and nothing but evil, to the Temperance cause.

"Your letter of acceptance of the invitation rendered you by me as the authorized Agent and Organ of the State Temperance Convention, having been published in our papers, it will become indispensably necessary to give publicity to the subsequent correspondence which has taken place between us. I must therefore ask of you to remove the injunction of privacy imposed in your very brief reply of the 30th ult. Unless you shall see fit to reconsider the matter, and to make such explanation, if it be in your power, as will be satisfactory to our people.

"May I ask of you the favor to forward me, if in your power, the publication to which you refer—giving an account of the interview between Mr. Garrison and yourself. It may possibly supply the apparent omission in your reply.

"Please let me hear from you as early as may comport with your convenience, and believe me to be, Most respectfully, &c."

This letter, in order to insure its speedy as well as safe delivery, was inclosed to a friend in Boston, who, under date of the 9th of Oct. writes me that it was sent immediately to the hotel of Father Mathew. Up to the present time no answer had been received. From a private communication from South Carolina and a paragraph in one of the newspapers in this State, I infer that his visit South will not probably be much longer delayed. I will only add, that should anything transpire to change the aspect of this affair, and to present this unguarded act of this distinguished philanthropist in a more favorable light than it now appears, I shall consider it due to justice to make it public. And it will afford me infinitely more pleasure to perform this duty than the present painful task, which, nevertheless, seems to be imperatively demanded by the necessities of the case.

Under these circumstances, with a clear comprehension, I trust, of the responsibility thus incurred, and with the most profound regret at the miscarriage of our hopes, I herewith, so long as I have the power at least and with the hearty concurrence and approval of the Executive Committee of the Convention, withdraw the invition so cordially and sincerely offered. Viewing our cause as we do, as the chief hope of man, we must not permit it to be wounded in the house of its friends. We will welcome no one, knowingly, among us, who fraternizes himself, or encourages others to do so, with a faction which would recklessly shiver the Union into fragments, which would reek its unhallowed hands red as crimson in human blood—which, in a word, seems to combine in one mass all the worst elements of thought, action and feeling peculiar to our troublous times.

And let not the friends of our noble enterprise be discouraged. It will triumph gloriously. It is the cause of suffering and helpless women and children. It is the cause of the hard-working mechanic, who but for the habit of intemperance, might educate his children to fill the first stations in our happy country. It is the cause of the poor of this world, the food and raiment of many of whom are dependent upon its success. It is the cause of the church which for ages was grieved and afflicted with drunken ministers and members. It is the cause of the Republic. Our liberty was achieved by a sober soldiery. Self Government can be maintained and perpetuated only by a sober people.

And my word for it, such a cause rests not on sand, it is built upon a rock. Israel passed over Jordan, and, triumphing over all her enemies, took possession of Canaan without Moses. Temperance shall stand and be established in the Earth! though she may seem for a while to be without helper or friend. Her lights may disappear—her leaders may prove treacherous or be removed—her enemies may rejoice, and announce by their mad shouts that the Reform is dead—but God is in this work, and Temperance will become coextensive with the world.

Respectfully, JOS. HENRY LUMPKIN.

Milledgeville, Nov. 5, 1849.

To make this story complete there is, it will be observed, an important link wanting. What Judge Lumpkin said to Father Mather is only half the tale. What did Father Mathew say to Judge Lumpkin? That, we take it, is by far the most interesting point of the controversy. Whatever Judge Lumpkin should say, we knew beforehand, must be in a "concatenation accordingly," but in Father Mathew's case there is room for conjecture on our part, and for latitude of expression on his. He had surprised us once in Boston—we should have been glad that he should do the same thing in Georgia; though we declare that the man who could excuse himself from the celebration of the Anniversary of Slave-emancipation by his own Government, because the system of Slavery was nowhere denounced in the Sacred Scriptures, could not easily convince us that he was worthy of respect for consistent Anti-Slavery opinion, though he might decline to assent to every proposition that a Georgia slave-driver was pleased to lay down for him; for the same reason, we may add, he could hardly surprise us, let him say what he would. As he endeavored to please the Slaveholders by the way in which he treated the Abolitionists—having profited by this experience—he may, perhaps, aim at pleasing the Abolitionists by his treatment of the Slaveholders. At any rate his reverence is doubtless aware that in expressing his Scriptural notions on the question of Slavery, and his regret at the 'odium' he sustained for signing the Irish Address, he went a step further than prudence could warrant, and presumed too much upon the good opinion of his friends, and his world-wide reputation. We have had no doubt that he would attempt to remedy this mistake, but we want to see Father Mathew's own statement of his position, rather than any Judge Lumpkin's version thereof.

Syracuse Convention.

We give below a letter from Parker Pillsbury, adding, by way of explanation, that the postponement of this particular Convention at Syracuse has been inevitable. The first proposition, it will be remembered, was that it be held in December, but there was hardly time to make the necessary arrangements for the middle of this month, and it was moreover thought better to postpone it till later, as mid-winter weather would be more favorable for travelling. Within a week of Christmas either way would of course be an unfavorable time for such a meeting, if for no other reason, because the Boston and Philadelphia Fairs entirely occupy the time and attention of many whom we hope to see at the Syracuse Convention. The day suggested by Mr. May,—the 8th of January,—was at length fixed upon, and notice was about to be given when we received the *North Star* announcing that the Executive Committee of the Western New York Society had decided to hold the Annual Meeting of that Society—which hitherto has always been held in December—on that day. We understand these friends in Rochester discussed the matter fully in Committee, and as they must have been aware that the first week of January would be an unfavorable time to hold a Convention, they, by occupying the second week, compel us in deference to their movements to postpone the Syracuse Convention to the middle of the month. The week we have chosen is absolutely the only one between now and then in which the Convention could be held without interfering or being interfered with by other meetings and events. With this explanation we call the attention of the reader to the notice in another column, and commend to him the letter of Mr. Pillsbury.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

UNIONVILLE, Dutchess Co., Dec. 3d, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND GAY:—Will you permit me, inasmuch as I am now laboring in this State as an agent, to add my word in favor of the proposed Convention at Syracuse. It has been long delayed, but perhaps not too long. And my opinion has been, (possibly an erroneous one,) that the postponments and embarrassment of the Anti-Slavery Cause, particularly in Western and Central New York, have been owing to the action of such men as William Goodell, Beriah Green, and others, whom I see it is proposed *specially* to invite to the Convention. If my judgment is right in this matter, there can be no conceivable reason for extending to such persons a particular invitation to attend. Every body should be, and will be invited. And I care not how many of our doubtful friends, or foes come. But we need not show them any *special* marks of favor beforehand; because it may be, that fidelity to the Cause and to them, will make so plain dealing necessary, as that good taste would dictate that the invitation should be *general* to them, as well as to all others. You know me well enough to understand, that I wish to speak only my own sentiments in the matter. If these men can be really united with us, no notes of rejoicing should be louder than mine.

One word more as to the Convention itself. Your suggestion is an excellent one, that the *Standard* should teem with letters on the subject, from earnest minds and hearts, rather than with many names appended to a Call. Before the "Young People's Convention" recently held at Berlin, in Ohio, *The Anti-Slavery Bugle* echoed forth in this way, a multitude of voices; and when the day arrived, it was seen with what glorious effect. Could such a gathering be witnessed at Syracuse as was that at Berlin, it would make an epoch in the Anti-Slavery history. Let the Abolitionists but speak, and it shall be done.

How sluggish are our movements, compared with what the enterprize demands! How unlike the frenzy with which the enemies of Liberty and Justice both South and North, push their measures! Garrick was once asked by an English clergyman "how is it that you stage actors can so move your audiences with folly and fiction, while we ministers, often present all the solemn and terrible realities of eternity, to congregations of men and women, half of whom, are half asleep, and the rest more!" "The reason is obvious enough," said Garrick. "We present fiction and falsehood, as if they were living realities—you utter living realities, as if they were only fiction and falsehood." The question was well answered. *Earnestness* is almost the greatest word in the world. Oh, that it could be multiplied upon us a thousand fold! Then should there be no longer such a difference between our movements and successes and those of our enemies.

Hastily, but most truly yours,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

☞ We commend the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Rice to all those interested in the Canada Missions.

AMHERSTBURG, November 12th, 1849.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Permit me to state that in the two weeks which I was absent, thirteen slaves came to our house for aid and clothing. This morning we are called to clothe five others. We have clothed seventy-three the past summer, beside aiding the sick and worn out bondmen, worn out before reaching us; some of whom serve fifty or more years before breaking away from oppression. Our friends have sent us much clothing by way of donations that we might bed and set them out, as they came destitute, fleeing, and reach here only among strangers. But much of the clothing is so small as to be nearly useless. Our slave men and women who get away, are full grown and well developed. We have to pay freight to some extent uselessly, and even then we are not supplied with clothing. Many we cannot clothe as we wish. Paying $150,00 freight also, throws us into great straits, especially with our other expenses. We need immediately $100,00 to meet our present obligations.—Our buildings in addition need repairing very much.—Brother Lewis Hayden has given some encouragement that he will visit our friends in behalf of this mission. We certainly must have help from some source. We hope our friends will not leave us here to sink. Let those sending clothing, send only good size for men and women or children's for our schools.

Among the Fugitives,

ISAAC J. RICE.

Message of the Governor of Texas.

WE find in several of our exchange papers some passages from the Annual Message of the Governor of Texas, who discusses the claim of his own State to New Mexico as follows:

In discharge of his duties imposed on him by law, Judge Baird repaired to Santa Fe to effect the organization of that County and the Eleventh Judicial District under the Constitution and laws of this State. I regret that I am unable to express to the Legislature my satisfaction at the results of his efforts so far as they are ascertained. No full report has been received from Judge Baird of the precise nature and extent of the obstacles which interposed to prevent his success; but it is enough to know that the authorities of the general Government, exercising military and civil jurisdiction in Santa Fe, not only refused to support him in carrying out the provisions of the Act approved March 25, 1848, but assumed to be, and continued, and yet continue, to act as the only legitimate representatives and administrators of the law in that territory, and announced their determination to maintain their authority at all hazards.

It remains for me, then, only to communicate the fact to your Honorable body that there can now exist no doubt that the general Government declines to recognize the rights of Texas to the territory in which Santa Fe is situated, but has assumed and maintains the attitude of an adverse claimant. Two several communications upon this subject were addressed by me to the late President of the United States—one dated on the 23d March 1848, covering the resolutions of the Legislature approved March 20th, 1848, and requesting him, as directed by the 3d section of those resolutions, "to issue orders to the military officers of Texas in organizing the County of Santa Fe and the Eleventh Judicial District of the State of Texas, and in enforcing the law of this State, if it should be necessary to call upon said officers to put down any resistance to the laws of Texas;" the other dated October 6, 1848, defining our claim, and presenting at some length the grounds upon which that claim was based. Copies of both of these communications are herewith transmitted.

To neither of these, however, was any response ever made, and although, as you will perceive, by the latter of these communications, I urged upon the general Government the importance and necessity of some final and authoritative disposition of this question, yet that Government has neither defined its position, nor furnished this State with its views of the question, and it remains in precisely the same condition in which it was when the last Legislature adjourned.

A communication was also addressed to President Taylor, in June last, re-iterating the request made in my first to his predecessor, accompanied with a request that an answer be made in order to enable me to lay before the Legislature of this State his determination upon the subject. To this no response has yet been made. Should the United States persist in her claim to this territory, the circumstance that it has the possession places it in a position of great advantage with reference to Texas, although that possession be the only essential ingredient of the title which it possesses, and imposes upon you the necessity of adopting energetic and efficient measures to protect the rights of your State, and acquit herself of what is due to her dignity and honor.

The [illegible] judicial of justice implored in an attempt to wrest from us this portion of our State is reproach enough; to succeed in that attempt would be a reproach still deeper; and for Texas passively to submit to such despoilment would be the deepest reproach of all.

Under these circumstances it is for your honorable body to consider and determine the course to be adopted by the State. It is folly to suppose that we can now legislate ourselves into our rightful jurisdiction over this portion of our territory. An effort to do so has already signally failed. It is a question with which there should be no temporizing, for the sooner the issue is made the sooner will the question be adjusted.

I would, therefore, recommend that ample power be conferred on the Executive of the State, and ample means be placed at his disposal, and that it be expressly required of him to raise the proper issue and contest it, not by demonstrating in argument the justness of our claim, nor by reference to our statutes, but with the whole power and resources of the State. The result of any legislation short of this will be as barren and profitless as that which I regret it to be my duty to communicate. It might not be unwise to dispatch a commissioner to Washington city to acquaint the Federal Government with such a determination as the State may adopt, to the end that another and fair opportunity be afforded it to render us justice.

He winds up his message with a tirade upon the general subject of Slavery thus:

I deeply regret that I am unable to communicate any abatement of the efforts of the Abolitionists at the North, to agitate the question of Slavery. It is respectfully conceded, that there has been already too much said upon this subject, [one not admitted by the South to be debateable,] for we cannot view it as a question involving merely the continuance or abolition of Slavery. Their interference involves other and far more serious consequences; for its tendency is to foment and encourage servile insurrection—the conflagration of our homes—the murder of our wives and children. Violent and inflammatory resolutions upon the subject have only the effect of exasperating the feelings of our opponents, already so intensely malignant, and to accelerate a crisis which every lover of this county should desire to avert. The danger which threatens the South is a common one, and it behooves them to make common cause against it; and when the emergency arrives, she has true sons enough, whom temptation cannot seduce nor danger appall, to protect alike her rights and the Union. A formidable party, too, in the Congress of the United States are strenuously endeavoring, on every occasion that is presented, to apply the principles of the Wilmot Proviso to all the territory acquired from Mexico. Were they to succeed, the effect would be to exclude the South from a fair participation in the fruits of a conquest achieved chiefly by the valor of her arms. In reference to this territory, we ask nothing which is not secured to us by the guarantees of the Constitution. Under them there is but one American citizenship, and that forbids the idea of any restraint upon his personal movements within the limits of the nation. It involves a ubiquity of privileges—the freedom of commercial intercourse and the right to carry his person, his opinions, and his property, to all the possessions of the Union; and if these rights be not sacred, our Constitution is but little better than a parchment.

☞ We are indebted to the Hon. WM. DUER for a copy of the valuable Report for 1848 of the Commissioner of Patents.

Notes on New Books.

A SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND DUTIES IN ALL THE IMPORTANT RELATIONS OF LIFE; BY ELIZABETH WILSON. *Philadelphia: Wm. S. Young.*

In a volume of nearly four hundred pages it would hardly be possible to leave anything unsaid that could be said on the Woman Question, and in this before us we presume it to be most thoroughly treated. The author, Mrs. Wilson, a lady of Ohio, proposes to take up the question in its Scriptural aspect, rather than any other, but from a very cursory glance at the volume, we observe that this necessarily runs into a view of the subject in evry light. As we have not examined the work enough to judge fairly of its character, we copy a passage which will interest most of our readers, and is a good specimen of the author's manner of dealing with her subject.

We will illustrate our position by the division of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which took place in the city of New York, May 12th, 1841. The Anti-Slavery enterprize has furnished a high school of morals, where not only the rights of the slaves are taught, but the moral standing of the whole human family is investigated. The reason assigned by the seceders for the division was what is technically called the "woman's-rights question." The society, at its first formation, consisted of men and women, with a constitutional guarantee of the equal rights and privileges of all its members. Women spoke at its first organization without opposition. The Anti-Slavery question being presented through them to the public, both men and women were solicitously importuned for their aid—women were invited, nay, *urged*, in the most emphatic manner, "to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Strong appeals were made to their sympathy, Christian philanthropy, and benevolence, pressing it on them as a duty they owed to God and their fellow man, thus to appear in the field as co-laborers, extolling the potency of woman's moral influence. Many women, highly qualified for the task, were forward of themselves to unite with the brethren for the promotion of this philanthropic enterprize.

The pro-slavery part of the community immediately opened their batteries on the women. Language was exhausted to give them epithets sufficiently opprobrious, and they were told that domestic duties were alone their sphere, that woman was a being made to be governed, was under the authority of her husband, and was utterly prohibited from speaking in the church, and was divested of all political rights, and it was utterly out of character for her to appear in any public manner. Women were not to be driven from their purpose by foul language; it fell harmless at their feet, it was no more than what they expected. They knew it was the pro-slavery interest to use all means to subvert their influence and drive them from the field, and this was the best means they could adopt to effect it.

When abolitionism became a little more popular, and the ferocious spirit of persecution was rather subsiding, women were no longer necessary as a refuge from the storm; their agency became an incumbrance, and there were reasons for anticipating that some laurels were to be entwined around the brows of the promoters of abolitionism, and women from the character and success of their labors, would be entitled to no less glorious wreaths than men. They thus became rivals, and a clog to gentlemen's future prospects. So long as women were associated, the society could appear in no other character than a moral association. At this stage of the progress of the Anti-Slavery enterprize, a number of gentlemen immediately became horrified and conscience-stricken, that women should be permitted to appear on the platform, as the equals of men, believing that the example would have a most "deleterious and disorganizing tendency." Hence the self-same means were adopted by her fellow-laborers to proscribe her, which had been resorted to by pro-slavery adversaries to drive us from the field. The vocabulary of abuse was taxed equally as heavily to find reproachful epithets to dub the women with, and the brethern who advocated their rights. Particularly were their anathemas poured out on the devoted head of Mr. Garrison, as the "chief disorganizer." Women were made to understand, by a large minority of the society, that they were not to consider themselves "fellow-laborers, or yoke-fellows," entitled to the rights and privileges of the society, but subordinates; that they were to have no legal existence there. It was manifest that women were brought out, as they are in political processions, as the dupes of men—their influence made use of to advance the Anti-Slavery cause, for men's glorification. (This is a cardinal principle of Slavery, to appropriate the unrequited labor of others to our own use.) She was to be placed behind the scenery to repeat his echo; or, if she had anything to suggest, whisper it in his ear, that he might proclaim it on the house-top,—she must occupy the negro-pew, and be ready to do any job of

articles on the same subject from the same writer; and the Transportation Question is necessarily more interesting to English readers than to a people whose transport trade is only of a class of their fellow citizens from one State to another for sale.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Nov. 16, 1849.

MY DEAR GAY:—I am glad that Joseph Barker left a *streak* of his passage in the *Standard*. I hope it may be the herald of many a brilliant appearance in future. I should have regretted it had he made no effort to see the Abolitionists during his stay in America, short as it was. His passage out was made in a small emigrant vessel, and was exceedingly tedious, consuming much of the time which he meant to his American tour. The results of this tour have been published in his small weekly sheet called "The People," which is mainly devoted to the denunciation of the aristocracy, the praise of republicanism, the laudation of the United States in general, (Slavery excepted) the promotion of emigration, and the inculcation of such political, physiological and moral lessons as are calculated to elevate the people. He is the very model of a popular writer. Nothing can be more lucid than his style. He repeats himself, if need be, two, three, and four times, so that nobody can misunderstand him. Iteration never wearies him, provided no loophole be left for misapprehension. He often reminds me of a remark that I once heard O'Connell make, that a good thing cannot be said too often. No doubt the clergy generally and all preachers are of the same opinion, for they practice it incessantly. I suppose they are right, nevertheless I heartily sympathize with Shakspeare when he makes mention of "damnable iteration." However, there is something comical and racy in Joseph Barker's determined perseverence in turning over the same set of words into all possible shapes, so as to leave you no plea for mistaking his meaning.

In the last Number of *The People* there is a long letter describing his journeyings in Ohio, and a trip into Western Virginia as far as Tyler county, to see some lands which had been greatly puffed in England by a Mr. O'Connor, but which proved to be anything but what they were said to be. In the course of the tour Joseph Barker, for the first time, saw a slave under the actual yoke of bondage, and he describes his emotions in a very feeling manner. But I need not give particulars, as I herewith forward to you so much of his sheet as relates to the Virginia experience. Nothing could be more appropriate to the pages of the *Standard*.* I have often read and heard of the striking contrast between a free and a slave State in immediate contiguity, but I never saw it so vividly described as in this article of J. Barker's. As his little sheet is not stamped I cannot send it through the post as a newspaper. Our tax on paper, and our stamp duties, vastly limit the publication and circulation of newspapers in this country, and almost render them a monopoly,—so that it is a matter of excessive risk and cost to establish one in an important locality. Probably £200,000, or a million of dollars, would not be more than sufficient for the experiment of a daily paper in London, and in the large provincial towns in proportion. There are only two daily papers in the three kingdoms, out of London, and those two are in Dublin. The best of these is one of the stupidest papers in existence, being quite innocent of original matter. It is professedly neutral, but really Orange, in its selections. The other is the Freeman's Journal, a worthy counterpart in religious and political tendencies to your paper of the same name. Its proprietors are two Protestants who find that it pays them very well for acting as the agents of the priests. The unstamped press is prohibited from giving the political or other news of the day.

Joseph Barker is a thorough Republican, and makes no professions of loyalty to "our beloved Queen," or "our time-honored aristocracy." His childhood was spent amidst all the difficulties of extreme poverty, and frequently in want of the necessaries of life. The iron having entered into his soul, I can understand the fierceness of his invective against the ruling class in this country, and the results of their predominance. Tyranny appears to be the inevitable result and growth of certain positions. The lordly English Noble, the ruthless Irish landlord, the ferocius Russian Emperor, and the "chivalrous" American slaveholder are all the creatures of circumstances—it would be a miracle if the results were other than disastrous to the tyrant and the slave. The ancestors of the present people of England employed, for hundreds of years, the most approved and successful means for the prostration and demoralization of the Irish. They conquered them, they persecuted them, they robbed them of their property, they proscribed their religion, they hunted down their priests, they forbade them to be educated;—they seated one portion of the people, in God's name and for his glory, on the backs of the rest,—establishing irreconcilable enmity between them. This miserable country is now prostrated to the earth; the very laws are on the side of the rich against the poor. The poor have no laws, unless they pay for it, and this they cannot do. In our poorest districts you will see hundreds of cabins thrown down, whence their late owners have been turned out destitute, and the land festers with pauperism, mendicancy and wretchedness, such as no other country can parallel—the inevitable results of the past treatment of England. English travellers come here and are exceedingly disgusted (and no wonder) with our rags, poverty, ignorance and superstition, and return home amazed that, with the blessings of the British Constitution all around us, we are still so far from being a peaceable, flourishing, loyal people. But I am not surprised, neither can you be, if our hearts do not beat high with that intense loyalty which is wont to fill the English bosom, and make John Bull think (the sentiment was actually expressed and vociferously applauded at a public meeting in Newcastle the other day) "nothing too good for the Queen, God bless her!"

I paid a short visit to the west of Ireland since writing to you last. This is the most miserable part of the whole island. You are probably aware that the country is divided into Poor Law Unions, in each of which there is a workhouse where the destitute poor are supported—the men in one portion of the house, the women in another, the boys in a third, the girls in a fourth, the infants in a fifth. Thus man and wife, parents and children are separated during their stay, and the family relations are suspended. Their food is of the poorest kind, the closest economy is practised, and strict cleanliness enforced. This cleanliness is sometimes considered a great hardship. The poor people prefer their own dark, smoky, warm, dirty hovels, to those large, whitewashed, scoured, and well ventilated apartments. In the west of Ireland nearly all the Unions are insolvent. When I was there last many of the workhouses were under seizure by the sheriff for debts due for the food and maintenance of the paupers. I saw the beds and tables carried out of one workhouse which had been the refuge of above five hundred children between the ages of five and fifteen. The Poor Law Guardians had not the money to pay, and could not raise it from the impoverished rate payers. The Poor Law Commissioners had not the money, and could not get it from the Government. And the Government, which could give any money for the Queen's steamboats, pleasureboats, pleasure tours, stables, and gewgaws, could not furnish the money to keep from seizure the beds and food of these miserable houseless children. Nevertheless there is a visible improvement in the cultivation of the soil, and in the amount of the means of subsistence. Near many of the wretched hovels you may now see a stack of oats, a pile of turf, a pig or two, perhaps a few cattle and some poultry—signs of comparative prosperity. But the general aspect of things is wretched. The bleakness of the country, the poverty of the soil, the loathsome huts, the filth and rags of the people in those poor districts are truly disheartening. Still the position of the slave is infinitely below that of the Irish peasants. Our social evils are admitted by everybody. Everybody has a remedy to propose, and, provided it do not include an appeal to rebellion and civil war, no man is denounced for offering his remedy. Irish oppression and degradation are not systematically defended. Nobody extols the blessings of this "peculiar institution." And when led to contrast the relative condition of your country and ours, let it be remembered that in Great Britain and Ireland the land being scarce and population dense, the demand is great in proportion to the supply, the struggle for the means of subsistence is consequently intense and a pauper class inevitable,—apart from the incubus of our costly political institutions and the still greater barrier of our own improvidence and intemperance. In the free States of America the converse is the case,—land is abundant, food cheap, labor in good demand, and many of the evils which afflict us, and from which you are free, are attributable to this diversity of circumstances as well as to difference of government and political institutions.

I was so mightily pleased with your account of the Norristown meeting that I read it twice over. I also read the proceedings from beginning to end, including the resolutions and the names of the movers and seconders. I would have been glad if I could have gone there by Electric Telegraph. Oh! that 'heaving sea, have you ever experienced it? It was very pleasant to get such a fine account of Pennsylvania Abolitionism, and to know that so many of the workers belong to "our society," and that they are indeed "convinced friends." I am sure for the very good reasons you give, and which I can appreciate, they will stick by the cause like so many leeches. It was a grand sight to see them all rise to their feet in a swell of enthusiasm, for it must have been a real enthusiasm that got them up. George Thompson has reason to be proud of the compliment. I am afraid it will be a long time till we see any such hearty manifestation of British Abolitionism. English Anti Slavery is mostly hereditary. It has little of the heartiness of original "convincement." See how hearty all new seots are. Here there is little to keep the sympathy with your struggles awake. The discovery which the Society of Friends, in common with all the other sects, at last made, that the majority of their fellow professors in the United States, however much they might feel for the slave, thought it expedient to do very little on his behalf, has had a wonderfully cooling effect upon the zeal of Friends at home. And I have observed that whenever an English "minister" returns from a visit to a America, or an American "minister" comes over here to help us in the way to heaven, whatever they may effect in this important particular, their influence in the slave cause is nothing less than disastrous. Then again the calumnies of Colver and others in 1840 had their desired effect, and Friends generally swallowed them whole. They dont like to co-operate with those American Abolitionists who do not see eye to eye with them on those points on which nobody *knows* anything—although if their houses were on fire, or if their own children were in the slaveholder's clutches, or if money were to be made by mutual co-operation, they would not trouble themselves in the least with enquiries as to the religion of those who offered their assistance.

Yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

*Vide first page.—*Ed. Standard.*

General Intelligence.

TERRIBLE MURDER IN BOSTON.

A good deal of excitement has existed during the past ten days in Boston in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of Dr. Parkman, a gentleman of great respectability and high social position, and a strong interest has been felt all over the country where he, or his family are known. A terrible explanation has at length been given, and one which has excited more intense feeling than any event of the same kind that has ever occurred in this country. We copy from the *Boston Courier*:

Every other topic, however important, has been sunk into comparative insignificance in this community, by the circumstances which have just come to light in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Dr. George Parkman. A week had elapsed without any tidings from this individual, when, on Saturday morning, the city was astonished with the intelligence of his presumed murder, and the arrest of Dr. John W. Webster of Cambridge, on suspicion of having committed the deed. The shock which the announcement produced in the public mind, and the excitement consequent upon it, were never before equalled in Boston. The dreadful character of the deed, and the high standing and reputation of the individual charged with it, were such as might well justify incredulity; and even at this moment when the accumulation of circumstances seems to gather into a fearful mass of testimony against the supposed murderer, we find it hardly possible to bring our mind to a belief in the possibility of his guilt.

Dr. Webster has been for upwards of twenty years, Professor of Chemistry at Cambridge. He has a wide circle of acquaintance and has maintained, throughout life an unblemished reputation. He has paid a strict attention to the duties of his profession, and his conduct has been marked by uniform sobriety and steadiness. His disposition was frank and open, his manners lively and social; he was esteemed by all who knew him as a good citizen, a peaceable neighbor, and a kind and affectionate husband and father. In every moral and intellectual characteristic, he might be regarded as one who was placed beyond the suspicion of a tendency to the commission of crime. It is hardly necessary to say that the shock of this sudden and unexpected disclosure has fallen with terrible weight upon his family and friends.

Amid the numerous versions of the story, and the multitude of rumors circulating on good, bad and doubtful authority, we have gathered the following statements, which appear to comprise the substance of what has yet come to light in relation to this tragical affair:—

Dr. Parkman held a note for $487 against Prof. Webster which, although it was secured by a mortgage on some personal property at Cambridge, the Doctor was most anxious to collect. He several times called upon his debtor for the money, and was put off. At length he applied to the officer who disposed of the tickets for Professor Webster's course of lectures on chemistry, to know if there was a sufficient balance due the Professor to take up his note This circumstance is said to have greatly incensed Professor Webster, who, on Friday morning of last week called at Dr. Parkman's house, and left word "if he (Dr. Parkman) wanted his money on that mortgage, to call at the Medical College about one o'clock that afternoon." Dr. Parkman left his house, No 8 Walnut-street, at one o'clock P. M on Friday, November 23, for the purpose of attending to this engagement. On his way to the Medical College, he stopped at a grocer's on the corner of Vine and Blossom streets, and purchased some articles, which he ordered to be sent to his house. From this store he went direct to the Medical College—adjacent—which he was seen to enter, but from which he was never seen to depart. [The story that he was seen passing over Cragie's Bridge is incorrect.] In the evening of that day, (Friday, November 23) information was lodged at the Marshal's office, to the above effect. Scouts of police were sent in all directions—bills were posted in conspicuous places, and a large reward was offered for intelligence of the missing person. Professor Webster, on being questioned, stated to the policemen that Dr. Parkman met him at the College at the time appointed; that he paid the Doctor $487; but when asked to show the receipt for the money, he could not do it. Though this was a *circumstance* against the Professor, yet his good character warded off suspicion for the time. The general supposition was that Dr. Parkman had been visited with a fit of insanity.

On Sunday, the 26th, a party of police were sent to examine the Medical College. They searched through all the rooms, except the laboratory on the first floor, and a small ante-room over head—both of which were locked; and it having been stated that they were apartments visited by none but Professor Webster, the police departed without opening them.

On Monday, the 26th, policemen were despatched with hand-bills on the various railroads, while others were sent in other directions, to trace the source of sundry rumors that had come to town, of a "person that had been seen" wandering in the woods in one town, acting strangely in another, and a raving maniac in another. Thus the officers were engaged on this day; but on Tuesday in consequence of a rumor that had got abroad, to the effect that Professor Webster had kept himself very secluded in his apartments at the College by day, and that when he went away at night he locked his rooms—a thing unusual—the porter of the College was interrogated as to the correctness of these statements, and his answers were such as to create a belief that all was not right. In the evening of that day, the police, accompanied by several of the friends of Dr. Parkman, made another search of the premises and found, as on their previous visit, Dr. Webster's door locked; yet, as before, they left the College without forcing them.

Up to Tuesday night, the only persons who had ventured to suspect the Professor, were those connected with the College. Their suspicions were founded upon the fact of the visit of Dr. Parkman on Friday—the mysterious seclusion of Dr. Webster when in the College, and his locking up his laboratory and office at night. These suspicions were not communicated to the police until Wednesday morning, at which time a third examination of the building was made and watches were set, but the Professor's doors were not yet opened. On this day the excitement at the west part of the city had increased to such a degree that the Professors of the institution had resolved upon a thorough exploration of the premises. For this purpose, five policemen were detached to act in unison with Mr. Eparaim Littlefield, the porter of the College. There were but three apartments in the College that had not been searched—Dr. Webster's private rooms and the vault under his laboratory. The first operations were commenced upon the vault, which from the construction of the foundation of the buildings was difficult of access.

The College is erected upon stone and brick foundation. The tide, at high water, flows under the northwesterly corner of the bulding, through the sea wall.—There are under the first floor, brick walls running north and south and east and west. These were built upon piles driven into the dock, and were intended as supporters, and upon them rest the heavy beams of the first floor. By these walls four distinct compartments are made. That which is directly under the laboratory, it being nearest the water, was used as a privy. To get into this vault was now the main object. There were but two ways for this—either to tear down the sea wall, or bore through the brick partitions or supporters in the basement story. The latter course was resolved upon, and on Thursday morning a drilling process was commenced. The space between the first floor and the earth being narrow, on the first day very little progress was made, as but one man could work. By Thursday evening, an opening, sufficient to admit a man, was made, through which Mr. Kingsley and others entered, and proceeded in the direction of the vault under the laboratory; but before obtaining access to it, another wall had to be broken through. Operations on this were adjourned until the following morning.

On Friday, owing to the presence of Professor Webster on the premises, the business was deferred until his departure in the afternoon. [It was part of the policy of all concerned—officers of the law as well as officers of the institution—to keep from the Professor all knowledge of the suspicions against him.] At four o'clock, the second wall was attacked, and there being more room to work than at first, a breach was made through it in less than an hour. Mr. Littlefield entered the vault, and found, directly under the privy seat, portions of a human body, viz: the bone from the small of the back to the thigh joints, the right thigh, and right leg.

These fragments were carried up, and diligent search was made through all parts of the vault, but nothing further was found. The City Marshal and several Aldermen were present at this time, (five o'clock Friday evening) and the Mayor and County Attorney were summoned. Up to this hour no entrance had been forced either into the Professor's room up stairs or the laboratory below. Upon the arrival of the Mayor, the laboratory was opened, and suspicions were soon heightened to such a pitch that not a doubt remained upon the mind of any person present that murder had been committed.

In a small furnace in the laboratory were discovered pieces of human bone—parts of the skull of a man—some false teeth—some coat buttons—bits of melted gold and silver. [The gold was supposed to have been the case of a watch.] It is stated that Dr. Parkman carried a gold watch; it is known that he wore artificial teeth.

A warrant was immediately issued for the arrest of Professor Webster. Officer Clapp, accompanied by officers Starkweather and Spurr, proceeded in a carriage to Cambridge. Dr. Webster was found at his house, and the officers stated to him that his attendance was required in Boston, to assist in the investigation on the subject of Dr. Parkman. He complied readily, and entered the carriage with the officers, who did not inform him that he was under arrest till they had reached the jail in Leverett street.

At this announcement, he evinced much agitation, but did not then, or at any subsequent period of the night, utter any of the language that has been attributed to him, nor did he accuse any body of being an "infernal scamp," or of having 'betrayed" him. The only exclamations he made use of were something like the following: "O! what will become of my family? My children can never survive this. Their father charged with such a crime!" These exclamations are surely no indications of guilt. From the jail office he was taken into a cell, where, in company with officer Starkweather, he remained until 9 o'clock, at which hour he was waited upon by the County Attorney and others. Dr. Webster was now in a frightful state of nervous excitement, and so enfeebled that he could not walk from his cell to the jail office, and when he had become partially calmed, Mr. Parker addressed him in a most feeling manner, to the following effect: "We do not come here to distress you. It is a sad duty that devolves upon me. I come to inform you of the dreadful charge prefered against you, and the reason of your confinement within these dreary walls. It is the hope of all our hearts, that you will be enabled to explain away these terrible suspicions. We will assist you to do this if you will accompany us now to the Medical College. That you may be enabled to remove all doubts of your innocence is my earnest prayer to God." At the conclusion of these words, Dr. Webster expressed great readiness to attend the officers to the College; but he was still so feeble from excitement that it was necessary to support him on his way to the carriage.

It was about ten o'clock at night when the party reached Grove street, and Dr. Webster, supported by two officers, guided the party first to his room up stairs, in which are kept the bottled acids, &c., for experimental purposes. This room has not been entered by any one except the Doctor, for eight days before. The room is about eighteen by twelve feet, and is immediately in the rear of the lecture room. Nothing suspicious was observed here, and the company went to the laboratory by the back stairs, which lead directly from the door of this ante-room. Here were displayed the parts of the body which had been taken from the vault. Dr. Webster looked at them, but made no remark. All this time he was supported by two men, and the excitement which he manifested before arriving at the College was not increased by the display of the mangled limbs. The prisoner was again conducted to jail, where he was put into an apartment with two officers. A large number of policemen were detached to keep watch at the College during the night, and thus Friday's work ended.

On Saturday the search was resumed. The Mayor and the City Marshal arrived at the Medical College about ten. A search was commenced in the ante-room, which, it will be borne in mind, was opened for the first time on the night previous. Blood stains were found in the floor, which, after close examination, were traced all the way down stairs to the laboratory. In some places indications of an attempt to obliterate the blood were visible. The steps of the stairs looked as if acid had been poured upon them. In the laboratory four men were engaged throughout the day, in examining boxes, &c., and about two o'clock, Mr. officer Fuller discovered in an obscure corner, a tin tea-chest upon a shelf, which was found to contain the trunk of a human body, and a left thigh, packed in hemlock bark, and the parties covered with minerals.

Professor Webster's department in the Medical College, is entirely distinct in itself. It has no communication whatever with the other departments of the institution, and especially the dissecting room.

At four o'clock, Coroner Pratt summoned a jury of inquest, and visited the College. After viewing the parts of the body found, examining the blood stains upon the floor, &c., the Coroner adjourned until a future day. The bones, &c., found in the furnace, were put under the charge of Drs. Lewis and Gay, who will subject them to a scientific examination. What developments these gentlemen may make will be disclosed before the Coroner's jury. This part of the investigation will last all this day. The gentlemen composing the Coroner's jury are Messrs. Osmyn Brewster, (of the firm of Crocker & Brewster,) John L. Andrews, (clerk) Lewis Jones, (stove-dealer,) Pearl Martin, (carpet dealer,) Thomas Restieux, (apothecary,) and Hiram Merrill, (undertaker.)

The parts of the body missing—the head, neck, thorax, both arms and hands, left leg and both feet—are supposed to have been consumed in the furnace.

Since the above was written we have come in possession of the following fact, which, if not explained, will tend to form an important link in the chain of circumstances against Professor Webster, on Friday morning, November 30th, between eight and nine o'clock, the Professor called at the store of Mr. Nathaniel Waterman, 83 and 85 Cornhill, and gave the dimensions of a tin box, which he desired to have made immediately. The box was to have been finished on Saturday morning, and Dr. Webster promised to call for it. The style of the box desired was such as Mr. Waterman had never before constructed, during his twenty years experience in the tin-plate business, yet no suspicions were excited. During Dr. Webster's stay in the store, Mr. Waterman asked him questions concerning Dr. Parkman, as to his appearance when the money was paid to him, &c. Dr. Webster stated that Mr. Parkman took the money in his hand and departed from the building immediately. Other conversation passed between Professor Webster and Dr. Waterman, but nothing important, and as it will perhaps be rendered entire hereafter, before the Coroner's Jury, we omit it here. The tin box ordered was larger than a tea-chest—being eighteen inches square and thirteen inches deep—made so that the cover, on which is a handle, could be soldered in an easy manner. The sheets of tin which formed the sides are turned over and form part of the top of the box, and the cover is a plain plate of tin, which covers the open space, and was intended, as the order stated, to be soldered upon the top, thus making the box perfectly tight.

The medical gentlemen who have charge of the remains were on duty at the institution yesterday, to prepare and fit the discovered parts for examination by the Coroner's jury. It is understood that the strongest points of identification will be two pieces of the jaw and teeth. Dr. Keep arranged Dr. Parkman's teeth a short time since, and the mould is in possession of the former, who is stated to be now absent from the city. We understand that the stains in the floor and stairs were examined during the afternoon, and that they were pronounced to have been caused by blood.

The only new discovery made at the College yesterday afternoon was the finding of a pair of pantaloons spotted with blood. The name of J. W. Webster was written on the lining of the waistband.

We heard from Leverett street jail last evening. Dr. Webster had become more calm, but still manifested some excitement. He slept sound during Saturday night. An officer is in his cell constantly.

The excitement created on Saturday morning did not last over night. The disclosures at the College formed the general subject of conversation yesterday, but there was not at any time—to our knowledge—either on Saturday, or yesterday, any indication of riot displayed. The largest collection of people at the College, at any one time, did not exceed 150 persons, and many of the visiters were most respectable citizens. The military received orders at an early hour, on Saturday, to be in readiness in their armories. This order was not confined to the Boston companies alone. Two companies of Infantry at Roxbury received a similar order, and were "up in arms" all Saturday night.

The circumstance connected with this mysterious affair now form the all-absorbing theme of discourse in this city and neighborhood. A cloud of obscurity hangs over the whole, and each individual fashions every particular of evidence or rumor into an agreement with some pro-conceived hypothesis of his own. Dr. Webster's friends are strong in their belief of his innocence. The supposition that a person could pass through a life of more than fifty years unsullied by crime, and plunge in a single instant into the commission of a frightful atrocity like the supposed murder of Dr. Parkman, is one which the mind stubbornly rejects. Such a moral and mental metamorphosis would be, certainly, one of the most extraordinary phenomena yet exhibited by the history of the human mind.

Later Boston papers give no farther particulars, but a full account, which we copy, is given by the *Post* of the final committal of Dr. Webster, to jail, and the scene in the Police Court. The arrest of Littlefield, it will be observed, has been suggested. For our own part we wonder that he has not been secured. We do not conceive that evidence enough has yet been adduced to convict Dr. Webster before an intelligent Jury, while more than enough has accumulated to direct suspicion most strongly to the principle witness against him.

Notwithstanding Dr. Webster had signed a paper to the effect that he was willing to remain in jail until the result of the Coroner's inquest should be known, and thus avoid, at least for the present, an appearance in court, Mr. Parker, County Attorney, saw objections, in so grave a matter, in having a prisoner in custody upon no other authority than his own voluntary consent, and therefore, arrangements were made yesterday forenoon for bringing him into the Police Court, and exhibiting the complaint to him in due form. About one o'clock he was brought up from jail in a carriage, and, together with Franklin Dexter, Esq. his counsel, Sheriff Eveleth and Mr. Parker, was shown into the Judges' lobby. The court room was then cleared of all persons but the officers, the prisoner having requested a private hearing. He waived the reading of the complaint, but his counsel examined it very closely, without taking any exception to it. The offense not being bailable, Judge Cushing ordered that the prisoner should be committed to jail, there to remain to answer to whatever charge the Grand Jury for the January term for the County of Suffolk may allege against him. He was then taken back to jail. He appeared affable and collected, and even smiled pleasantly when told that he would have to remain a few minutes while the papers were being made out. He read a newspaper while waiting for the documents to be put into shape.

The complaint was made before Judge Merrill, at his residence, about 11 o'clock on Friday night, and immediately after Dr. Webster was taken back to jail from the Medical College. Up to that time he was only held in custody under a mittimus signed by constable Clapp. The gentleman who signed the complaint was one of Dr. Parkman's letting and collecting agents, and was the most decided and pertinacious person of all concerned in having such a persevering search made within and under the college building. The following is a copy of the complaint:

"To James C. Merrill, Esq. one of the Justices of the Police Court of the city of Boston, under oath complains Charles M. Kingsley, of said Boston, trader, that at said Boston on the 23d day of November, 1849, George Parkman of said Boston, physician, became missing, and hath not since been found, and this complainant hath reason to believe that he was last seen alive going into the Medical College in said Boston; that upon search in said Medical College certain portions of a human frame and body, freshly dead, have been found under or near a private part thereof under the immediate care and in the possession of Dr. John W. Webster; that said Parkman by appointment and at request of said Webster went to said college to transact pecuniary business with said Webster; that said Parkman hath never been seen to come out of said college since he entered it about two o'clock on Friday afternoon, the said twenty-third day of said November; that this complainant hath reason to believe and does believe that said George Parkman had been feloniously killed and murdered; and this complainant doth further allege that he hath probable cause to suspect and doth suspect that said John W. Webster, at said Boston, on said 23d, &c. of his malice aforethought, in and upon said George Parkman feloniously did make an assault, and him the said Parkman then and there of his malice aforethought feloniously did kill and murder in some way and manner and with some weapon to said complainant unknown. Whereupon said complainant prays that a warrant in due form of law may be issued for the arrest of said Webster, and that he may be further dealt with as to law and justice may appertain.

CHARLES M. KINGSLEY."

In the afternoon yesterday, Ephraim Littlefield, the Janitor of the College, was called into Court to recognize as a witness in the case, in the sum of $2,000, and gave for his sureties Alvan Adams, Esq. and Messrs. Leonard Fuller and Charles M. Kingsley, the complainant. Mr. Parker, in making the motion for requiring Littlefield to give sureties for his appearance to testify, said he was a man of some pecuniary responsibility, but it was impossible to say that influences would not be brought to bear upon him to keep him out of the way.

Yesterday forenoon a direct attempt was made to make out a suspicious circumstance against Littlefield. Three students, who are attending the medical lectures at the college, called upon the city marshal and represented that on Monday last week, Littlefield offered to give one of the students $70 for a gold watch, and tendered the money, a part of which was in gold. Some of Dr. Webster's friends thought that Littlefield ought to have been arrested upon the strength of this information. When questioned about the matter by Mr. Parker, county attorney, Littlefield promptly explained it by saying that it occurred on Monday preceding the disappearance of Dr. Parkman, and that the money was received from students, for fees, to be by him paid over to the proper officer, and that, having it in his hand, he jocosely proposed to buy the watch with it. The ground upon which Dr. Webster's friends wished to have Littlefield arrested was his being in possession of so much money so soon after the disappearance of Dr. Parkman. Mr. Parker replied, that as Littlefield was worth some $2,000, there was nothing strange in his having $70 in his possession, and the circumstance was not a sufficient ground for arresting him for murder. This was before Mr. Parker had heard Littlefield's explanation.

JAMES WATSON WEBB, the newly appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Austria, sailed from New York on Saturday, in the packet ship Yorkshire, for England, on his way to Vienna. He takes with him his family.

Hungarians Coming.—A Hungarian gentleman in this City has received intelligence from the Magyar Envoy in London, that Francis Pulszky, that the late Civil Governor of Comorn and ninety-six young Hungarians are coming to New-York.

Internal Slave Trade.—The House of Representatives of Georgia have passed, by the strong vote of 93 to 29, a bill to repeal the law laying restrictions on the introduction of slaves into that State.

Enticing a Slave to Run Away.—A white woman named Sarah Green, who lives in Danville District, Prince George's county, has been committed, charged with having aided a negro woman, the property of Mrs. Rebecca Duvall, to escape. The woman is a widow, the mother of two children. She says she had taken too much whisky on the night she was arrested, and being severely threatened and cruelly treated, she made admissions which were untrue.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Kentucky State Convention.—The *Frankfort* (Ky.) *Commonwealth* of the 26th ultimo says: The Convention is now at work in earnest. Very nearly the whole of the report of the committee of 30, on the subject of the Court of Appeals, was adopted. A clause increasing the number of the Judges of the Court of Appeals to four, and leaving to the Legislature the right to branch the Court, if it shall be deemed proper, was passed by a small majority. The Convention was not full. We are inclined to the opinion that the Convention will not finally pass the provision for four Judges, a majority being of the opinion, we think, that *three* Judges can do the business of the Court quite as well as *four*.

More Runaway Slaves—The Delaware Outlet.—We learn from the *Wilmington* (Del.) *Chicken*, that four slave men, belonging to Mr. Goldsborough of Kent county, Maryland, made their escape through that city week before last. Four persons, from the vicinity of Cantwell's Bridge, pursued them for the reward, and on Tuesday evening, the 20th ultimo, took their station on the Newcastle side of the Wilmington bridge. About 11 o'clock the slaves made their appearance, and a fight ensued, when one of the white men was badly wounded by the negroes, and the slaves made good their escape. On Saturday night following four more (a man, two women and a child,) made good their escape. The same paper understands that six slaves also made their escape through that city on Tuesday night last. Mr. Holden, the tavern-keeper of Warwick, Maryland, and Mr. Seathem, from near the head of Sassafras, were in the city, supposed by the Abolitionists to be in pursuit of them, who accordingly placed a watch upon their motions.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Practical Union.—A sermon was lately preached in the first church, in Rochester, by the pastor, on the subject of Christian Union. Its persuasive powers were so great that a prominent member of the church, who is also the Mayor of the city, felt instantly constrained to reduce its delightful principles to practice. He accordingly invited to his own house, all and singular the clergy of the city, with other friends, for the purpose of effecting for once a practical exemplification of the scriptural assurance, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The invited guests, most of whom were present, make a respectable list in length: twelve Presbyterian clergymen, four Congregational, five Baptist, eight Methodist, seven Episcopalian, eight Roman Catholic (of whom, however, but one was present,) one Freewill Baptist, one Lutheran, one Wesleyan, one Universalist, one Jew, one Evangelical Lutheran, one Free Catholic. Three of these were colored men. The editor of the *Genesee Evangelist* describes the scene as one of great cordiality and good feeling, and the result very happy. It would be difficult to say whether McIlvane's sermons or the Mayor's suppers would best promote this desirable state of amity and union. The combination of the two could hardly fail of success.

Acquitted.—The jury in the case of the United States vs. James McMasters, tried in Pittsburg for harboring a fugitive slave, returned a verdict of acquittal, the prosecutor to pay costs, amounting to about $1200.

Stampede.—On Saturday night last six slaves made their escape from this county. Two belonged to C. J. Faulkenes, Esq.; one to D. H. Conrad, Esq.; one to John Jamison, Esq.; one to J. L. Cunningham, Esq.; and one to the estate of Collin Peters, deceased. It is probable others have taken the same course. Nothing has yet been heard from them. We learn that eight left Jefferson County on Friday night last. We learn that a reward of $1,350 has been offered for the apprehension of those from this County.—*Martinsburg Gazette.*

A meeting was recently held at Huntersville, Texas, and resolutions accepted strongly censuring Senators Houston and Rusk for the course they pursued with regard to the Southern Address and especially their vote on the Oregon Bill with the Wilmot Proviso. They abandoned the rights and interests of their constituents, and violated the instructions given them upon the subject by the Legislature.

Married.

In this City, Major H. L. SCOTT, to Miss CORNELIA, daughter of Major General Winfield Scott, U. S. A.

In Plymouth, Mass. November 10 Mr. WILLIAM T. DAVIS, of Boston, to Miss ABBY BURR, daughter of Thomas Hedge, Esq., of P.

In Milwaukie, Nov. 21, by Rev. W. L. Parsons, Mr. SHERMAN M. BOOTH of Milwaukie, to Miss MARY H. CROSS of Hartford, Conn.

On the 22d of April, on board H. B. M. S. Hastings, at the port of Manilla, by the Rev. W. Lake Onslow, A. M., Chaplain and Naval Instructor, GEORGE STURGIS, Esq. to La Senorita JOSEPHINA BORRAS, of Manilla.

In this city, on the 9th instant, at Calvary Church, by the Rev. T. Jarvis Carter, J. WATSON WEBB, Esq., to LAURA VIRGINIA, daughter of Jacob Cram, Esq., of this city.

Died.

In Middlebury, Vermont, November 26, Mrs. SARAH E. HENSHAW, widow of Daniel Henshaw, Esq. and mother of Bishop Henshaw, of Rhode Island, aged 79.

In North Kingstown, R. I., November 18, Hon. BENJAMIN SMITH, in his 85th year.

In John's Island, near Charleston, S. C. November 19, Rev. ELIPHA WHITE, D. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and a graduate at Brown University, in the class of 1817.

At Rome, on the 20th of October, the venerable and learned Dr. LAURANI, aged 76. For thirty years Dr. L. was chief librarian of the Vatican Library. At the beginning of the late revolution he installed himself in the chambers of the library, where he took up his lodging, and never moved till after the restoration of pontifical authority. More than on one occasion the brave old man defended the scientific treasures committed to his charge at the peril of his life. This was remarkably the case on the 26th of last April. On that day a band of armed men penetrated into the library; Dr. Lauriena immediately rushed forward towards them, and by his entreaties, his remonstrances, and his prayers, he succeeded in prevailing upon these madmen to retire without doing any damage. Unfortunately the agitation produced by the excitement of such a scene, was a death blow for him. From that day he was struck with a faintness and debility, which ended his days. It was Dr. L. who established the Museum of the Ancient Monuments of Christianity, which exist in the Vatican. He devoted the chief part of his fortune to the enriching of this museum. The learned both in Italy and of foreign nations will long remember Dr. L. They will remember his kind manner of receiving everybody, the information and advice he would give in aiding their researches, and, above all, the kindness with which he would make the stern and sincere laws of the Vatican give way in their favor. The successor of Dr. L. is not yet appointed, but it is thought it will be the distinguished Orientalist, Monseigneur Mobya.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For the Standard from Nov. 1st. to Dec. 1st. 1849.

529	Abraham Vail, Waterloo, N. Y.	2 00
520	Asa Palmer, "	2 00
520	Henry Bonnell, "	2 00
468	Joseph Willey, "	2 00
526	Thomas McClintock, "	2 00
520	Richard P. Hunt, "	2 00
520	Lewis Willman, "	2 00
506	Sarah Dittmars, Cadiz, O.	3 00
535	E. G. Wells, Holland's Patent, N. Y.	2 00
518	S. A. Colwell, Verbank, N. Y.	1 00
518	Thomas Smith "	1 00
520	John C. Merritt, Farmingdale, N. Y.	2 00
592	Charles Heald, Antwerp N. Y.	2 00
422	Charles G. Davis, Boston, Mass.	2 00
511	Rev. E. Nute, Scituate, N. Y.	1 00
492	Israel Gould, West Walworth. N. Y.	2 00
490	E. Soule, Savannah, N. Y.	2 00
505	Bull & Fay, Upton, Mass.	3 00
520	J. Addison, East Windham, N. Y.	1 00
593	A. Newcomb, South Durham, N. Y.	1 00
520	Tilly Crouse, Clinton Hollow, N. Y.	1 00
520	M. H. Combs, "	1 00
520	M. S. Traver, "	1 00
520	Daniel Latin, Salt Point, N. Y.	1 00
520	R. F. Vincent, Verbank N. Y.	1 00
520	Harmon Benson, Washington, N. Y.	1 00
507	D. S. Carpenter, Standfordville, N. Y.	0 50
533	Josiah Mitchell, Mabbettville, N. Y.	1 50
492	Charles T. Beach, East Otto, N. Y.	1 00
523	Jacob Pratt, North Easton, N. Y.	4 00
518	B. F. Whipple, Chester Village, Mass.	1 00
547	C. F. Wells, South Chili, N. Y.	2 00
480	Abigail Breed, Lynn, Mass.	2 00
511	Eleazar Paine, East Brewster, Mass.	2 00
482	Wm. J. Knappan, Canton, Pa.	1 00
547	Peter Brown, New York City,	2 00
490	Margaret Collins, New York City,	2 00
493	Perley Martin, Enfield, N. H.	1 00
548	David Brooks, East Sheffield, Mass.	2 00
522	Seth Donalds, "	1 00
509	E. G. Thompkins, Norfolk, Conn.	0 50
522	C. J. Levenworth. "	1 00
544	Geo. C. White, Cuba, N. Y.	2 00
496	L. Guile, West Winfield N. Y.	2 00
543	S. Howard, Worcester, Mass.	2 00
522	James Thurston, Bellerica, Mass.	2 00
550	John Lupton, Leeds

Poetry.

From The People.

LET US ALONE.

Many—and yet our fate is one,
And little after all we crave—
Enjoyment of the common sun,
Fair passage to the common grave;
Our bread and fire, our plain attire,
The free possession of our own:
Rulers be wise, and lords and kings,
Let us alone—let us alone.

We have a faith, we have a law;
A faith in God, a hope in man;
And own, with reverence and awe,
Love universal as His plan.
To Charity we bow the knee,
The earth's refiner and our own;
Bigots, and fighters about words,
Let us alone—let us alone.

The world is the abode of men,
And not of demons stark and blind;
And Eden's self might bloom again
If men did justice to mankind.
We want no more of Nature's store
Than Nature meant to be our own:
Masters and gerents of the earth,
Let us alone—let us alone.

Your meddling brought us grief and care,
And added misery day by day;
We're not so foolish as we were,
Nor fashioned of such ductile clay;
Your petty jars, your wicked wars,
Have lost their charm, the gilding's gone:
Victorious marshals, vaulting kings,
Let us alone—let us alone.

Though dwellers in a little isle,
We bear no hate to other lands,
And think that all the earth might smile,
If we and others joined our hands.
In wrong or right, why should we fight?
We'll war no more—we're wiser grown:
Quibblers, and stirrers up of hate,
Let us alone—let us alone.

White man or black, to us alike;
Foemen of no men, we all live.
We will not lift our hands to strike,
Or evil for advantage give.
Our hands are free to earn their fee,
Our tongues to let the truth be known:
So despots, knaves, and foes of right,
Let us alone—let us alone.

Great are our destinies: our task,
Long since begun, shall never end
While suffering has a boon to ask,
Or truth needs spokesmen to defend;
While vice or crime pollute the time,
While nations bleed, or patriots groan:—
Rulers be wise, and kings and priests,
Let us alone—let us alone.

MACKAY.

Miscellany.

THE (London) *Weekly News*, in a notice of a volume of "Selections from the Poems, and Letters of Bernard Barton," which is just published, gives a sketch of the life of the poet, which cannot fail to be interesting to the Abolitionists of this Country, who hold his memory in reverence as one of the movers of the cause in Great Britain.

BERNARD BARTON.—Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet of Woodbridge, was neither one of the greatest nor one of the least of the "Laureate Fraternity" of England. Versifiers with half his powers have attained greater notoriety, and he himself would have been the first to disclaim the upper seats in the poetic Walhalla. But he employed his gifts faithfully, diligently, and willingly. His heart overflowed with good will to men, and was open to every genuine and gentle feeling; his eye and ear were docile to the teaching and the influence of nature and the world around him; he labored through the accomplishment of verse to render men wiser and more contented with the lot which Providence assigned to them; and he sought to recommend to others the domestic pleasures which were his own daily solace. He loved literature without affecting to be learned, and art without pretending to be a connoisseur. He was as exempt from literary jealousy and authorial vanity as if he had never penned a stanza; and nothing would have pleased him better than that all his friends should have written verses, and all have attained fame.

The "Selections from his Poems and Letters" is edited by his daughter—herself the authoress or editress of some popular and pleasing religious works. The memorial of the Poet himself is by another hand—by that of one who evidently knew him well, and has told well what he knew. Rarely, indeed, have we met with a memorial to which the praise of *ne quid nimis* is more justly due. It is sufficiently full to give a lively impression of the original when it delineates, and sufficiently brief to leave with the reader a desire to learn more. It is conceived in a vein of genuine respect and tender regret which will gratify the friends of the deceased, while it must recommend his memory and his writings to strangers. It were to be wished that poets generally had such honest chroniclers as the author of the memorial of Bernard Barton. Next to having merited record is the privilege of meeting with a competent and yet unexaggerating biographer.

Bernard Barton's poetry, in the present volume, appears with some of the advantages of an ancient classic. It does not contain all he wrote, but much of what is best in his writings. The selections have been made with great care, the compressions executed with much judgment. His verse, too, will gain by its juxtaposition and comparison with his letters. Both were genuine or unpremeditated dictations working from the heart of the man. Both, therefore, are reflections of his inner self, since each was in its turn the utterance of the mood which swayed him at the time of composition. There was little art in his poety; there is no affectation in his letters. His prose and his verse usher the reader directly into the presence of the author. He was too warm-hearted for ceremony, too sincere and guileless for disguise. As Cowper's letters are adjuncts and illustrations to his poems,—as they introduce us to his daily walks, and his summer-house and parlor at Olney.—so Barton's correspondence is the best key and comment to his verse. And both alike disclose a gentle, generous, and amiable nature, highly gifted, wholly unselfish, formed equally to love and be beloved.

His life was uneventful. The recital of it would not have won Desdemona, for Barton had no "perilous accidents" to narrate. He was the descendant of a Cambrian dalesman—a class of men celebrated by Wordsworth as sterling samples of the English yeoman. His grandfather, having a mechanical turn, quitted the penates at Ive-Gill, established at Carlisle a manufactory for calico-printing, and invented a piece of machinery which gained him a medal from the Royal Society. His father, having a literary rather than a mechanical turn, migrated southward, not quitting business altogether, but rendering it more palatable by the social intercourse which London afforded him. He had previously left the Church of England for the Society of Friends; and in 1787 his name appears in a committee of twelve "appointed to promote the abolition of Slavery." Barton's recollections of his childhood must be recorded in his own words:—

"I lost my mother," he writes, "when I was only a few days old; and my father married again in my infancy so wisely and so happily that I knew not but his second wife was my own mother, till I learned it years after at a boarding school. The name of this amiable stepmother," continues his biographer, whom we cannot cite too often, "was Elizabeth Horne, a Quaker also, daughter of a merchant, who, with his house in London and his villa at Tottenham, was an object of Bernard Barton's earliest regard and latest recollection.

"Some of my first recollections," Barton wrote fifty years after, "are looking out of his parlor windows at Bankside, on the busy Thames, with it s ever changing scene, and the dome of St. Paul's rising out of the smoke on the other side of the river. But my most delightful recollections of boyhood are connected with the fine old country-house, in a green lane diverging from the high road which runs through Tottenham. I would give seven years of my life as it now is for a week of that which I then led. It was a large old house, with an iron palisade and a pair of iron gates in front, and a huge stone eagle on each pier. Leading up to the steps by which you went up to the hall-door was a wide gravel walk, bordered in summer time by huge tubs, in which were orange and lemon trees, and in the centre of the grass-plot stood a tub yet huger, holding an enormous aloe. The hall itself, to my fancy then lofty and wide, as a cathedral would seem now, was a famous place for battle-door and shuttlecock; and behind was a garden, equal to that of old Alcinous himself. My favorite walk was one of turf, by a long straight pond, bordered with lime-trees. But the whole demesne was the fairy ground of my childhood; and its presiding genius was grandpapa. He must have been a handsome man in his youth, for I remember him, at nearly eighty, a very fine looking one, even in the decay of mind and body. In the morning a velvet cap; by dinner, a flaxen wig; and features always expressive of benignity and placid cheerfulness. When he walked out into the garden, his cocked hat and amber-headed cane completed his costume. To the recollection of this delightful personage I am, I think, indebted for many soothing and pleasant associations with old age."

The lovers of "Elia"—and who does not love "Elia?" will be reminded, by this sketch of the Tottenham villa, of "Blackesmoor in H——shire." Barton felt an honest pride in his "forbears." He prized their sterling worth and Christian virtues above "the boast of pedigree or pomp of power." He did not inherit the mechanical genius of his paternal grandfather, but he imbibed from his father his taste for literatute, and, in his earlier days at least, a liking for ethical and theological speculation. He long, however, outlived polemics, his kindly catholic nature affording them but scanty aliment:—

"I am not over-fond of polemicals," he wrote in 1844; "they are almost as bad as galenicals. How our tastes alter with added years and enlarged experience. I was once an eager disputant about matter and spirit, free will and necessity, Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, and almost all other *isms*; and was in a fair way of becoming a sceptic Happily I found out, I hope in time to avert such a catastrophe, that a man never stands so fair a chance of making a fool of himself as he does when he begins to fancy himself wiser than all around him."

He was bred in the tenets of the Society of Friends—a community not unfertile in poets; witness James Montgomery and the Howitts. The members of his family mostly joined, sooner or later, the Church of England; but to the end of life Barton retained a loyal affection for the system and opinions of George Fox. Without, however, the least speck or alloy of intolerance. He reverenced the Church of England—"inasmuch," as he says playfully, "Izaak Walton's worthies all belonged to it." He reverenced earnestness and charity under whatever symbol or ritual they appeared. But he clung to the observances of his father and his "father's friends."

After childhood and boyhood had passed away, Bernard Barton's life may be said to have consisted of one era—his residence at Woodbridge, in Suffolk. But it was an era of forty years. At Woodbridge he passed the brief term of his married life, "his wife dying a year after marriage in giving birth to the child who now survives him." At Woodbridge he "became clerk in Messrs. Alexander's bank: there his friendships, personal and literary, were matured; there was fostered his love for the cornfields and woodlands of Suffolk, and for the banks of his favorite Deben—more to him than Abana and Pharphar—and celebrated hy him in much pleasing and memorable verse.

We cannot do better than draw liberally from his biographer's sketches of Barton's home and habits in "his own beloved, adopted town":—

"Barton's literary talents, social amiability, and blameless character, made him respected, liked, and courted among his neighbors. Few, high or low, but were glad to see him at his customary place in the bank, from which he smiled a kindly greeting or came down with friendly open hand, and some frank words of family inquiry—perhaps with the offer of a pinch from his never-failing snuff-box—or the withdrawal of the visitor, if more intimate, to see some letter or copy of verses, just received or just composed, or some picture just purchased. Few, high or low, but were glad to have him at their tables; where he was equally pleasant and equally pleased, whether with the fine folks at the hall, or with the homely company at the farm; carrying everywhere indifferently the same good feeling, good spirits, and good manners; and by a happy frankness of nature, that did not too precisely measure its utterance on such occasions, checkering the conventional gentility of the drawing-room with some humours of humbler life, which in turn he refined with a little sprinkling of literature. Now, too, after having long lived in a house that was just big enough to sit and sleep in, while he was obliged to board with the ladies of a Quaker school over the way, he obtained a convenient house of his own, where he got his books and pictures about him.—But, more than all this, his daughter was now grown up to be his housekeeper and companion. And, amiable as Bernard Barton was in social life, his amiability in this little tete-à-tete household of his own was yet a fairer thing to behold: so completely was all authority absorbed into confidence, and into love—

'A constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;'

but gliding on uninterruptedly for twenty years, until death concealed its current from all human witness."

His literary preferences are thus described:—

"Barton was not learned—in language, science, or philosophy. Nor did he care for the loftiest kinds of poetry—'the heroics,' as he called it. His favorite authors were those that dealt most in humor, good sense, domestic feeling, and pastoral description—Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth in his lowlier moods, and Crabbe. One of his favorite prose books was 'Boswell's Johnson'; of which he knew all the good things by heart—an inexhaustible store for a country dinner-table. And many will long remember him as he used to sit at table, his snuff-box in his hand, and a glass of genial wine before him, repeating some favorite passage, and glancing his fine brown eyes about him as he recited.

"But, perhaps, his favorite prose book was Scott's novels. These he seemed never tired of reading and hearing read. During the last four or five winters I have gone through several of the best of these with him—generally on one night in each week—Saturday night, that left him free to the prospect of Sunday's relaxation. Then was the volume taken down impatiently from the shelf almost before tea was over; and at last, when the room was clear, the candles snuffed, and fire stirred, he could read out or listen to those fine stories, anticipating with a glance or an impatient ejaculation of pleasure, the good things he knew were coming—which he liked all the better for knowing they were coming—relishing them afresh in the fresh enjoyment of his companion, to whom they were less familiar, until the modest supper coming in closed the book, and recalled him to his cheerful hospitality.

"He seemed, however, to relish the humorous parts of these stories more than the pathetic: Bailie Nicol Jarvie's dilemmas at Glennaquoich rather than Fergus Mac Ivor's trial; and Oldbuck and his sister Grizel rather than the scenes at the fisherman's cottage. Indeed, many, I dare say, of those who only know Barton by his poetry, will be surprised to hear how much humor he had in himself, and how much he relished it in others. Especially, perhaps, in later life, when men have commonly had quite enough of a 'domestic tragedy,' and are glad to laugh when they can."

Barton, like John Elia, was a lover of pictures, and, although of a less impetuous temperament, was also like him prone at times to exchange older favorites for novelties.

"With little critical knowledge of pictures," says his biographer, "he was very fond of them, especially such as represented scenery familiar to him—the shady lane, the heath, the corn-field, the village, the seashore. And he loved, after coming away from the bank, to sit in his room and watch the twilight steal over his landscape as over the real face of nature, and then lit up again by fire and candlelight. Nor could any itinerant picture-dealer pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then it was Bernard Barton was to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending, and Barton wavering, until partly by money, and partly by exchange of some older favorites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale, the bargain was concluded, generally to Barton's great disadvantage and great content. Then friends were called in to admire, and letters written to describe; and the picture taken up to his bedroom to be seen by candle-light on going to bed, and by the morning sun on awaking; then hung up in the best place in the best room; till in time perhaps it was itself exchanged away for some newer favorite."

We have said that Barton's life was singularly uneventful. He was, perhaps, the least locomotive man of his age. Like Cowper, he never saw mountains, nor indeed Nature under any of her grander forms. But, like Cowper, he had a diligent eye for home scenery, and might have said with him, "Oh! I could spend whole days and moonlight nights in feeding upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink in the rivers as they flow." But his excursions rarely extended beyond a few miles round Woodbridge, and with the exception of an occasional trip to London, or a visit to his brother in Hampshire, he might have been distinguished in this age of locomotion as "the untravelled man." His fixity of place, however, greatly stimulated his correspondence, and the present volume affords a sample of its extent and quality in the letters which it contains from Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb, to their brother poet. Barton had, indeed, the pen of a ready writer; and his remarks on letter-writing may be read with advantage by all who would learn the secret of that graceful accomplishment—if it be not, indeed, rather a happy instinct. "The letters in this volume," observes his biographer, "judging from external evidence as well as from all personal knowledge of the author's habits, were for the most part written off with the same careless ingenuousness that characterized his conversation." "I have no alternative," he said, "between not writing at all, and writing what first comes into my head. In both cases the same cause seems to me to produce the same agreeable effect." Correspondence, indeed, was to Barton a tie of intimacy and a substitute for intercourse. Some of his correspondents he never saw; of many he might have said "Virgilium vidi tantum"; and, generally, one so stationary and retired had no other means of cultivating or retaining friendship. But mere distance of place was not the only cause of Barton's fertility in letter: he wrote also to his near neighbors, because he loved interchange of thought and frequency of kindly greeting; and because, to use his own words, "he could never understand the difference between talking on paper or talking with your own tongue." His letters, now for the first time published, are very various in their subjects and their tone, comprising the Quaker controversy and answers to an application for a Quaker cook; grave matters treated with becoming wisdom, and light matters handled with unaffected cordial humour. The length of our previous extracts precludes us from affording specimens of his correspondence; and the reader will, perhaps not unjustly, complain that we have forgotten Barton was a poet, inasmuch as we have not at present made mention of his verses. We have aimed, however, at characterizing the man rather than the author. Barton's poems are known and esteemed wherever the English tongue is spoken; and if we have succeeded in showing that his character was replete with worth, ability, and interest, we have no dread of the reader's indifference to his letters—which, next to his personal acquaintance, afford the nearest insight into the man.

We must return, on some future occasion, to Barton's poetry; and unwillingly close the memoir of him, which, for the intrinsic worth and excellence of the character portrayed, and for the simple and expressive beauty of the portraiture, we are disposed to rank in the same category of merit with "Walton's Lives" Like those admirable biographies it bears every mark of truth mingled with reverence—of the power to discriminate with esteem for the subject. There is no exaggeration, no attempt to exalt trifles, no special pleading, no straining for effect. It is what all good biographies should be, a clear, kindly picture of the original represented. We admire it sincerely; we commend it earnestly as a valuable addition to the *memoirs* of English poets.

We would conclude, however, with "the song of Apollo rather than the words of Mercury"—with Barton's thoughts rather than our own. And we cannot more aptly conclude this brief record of a good man's life than with some of his most just and beautiful sentiments.

"The longer I live," wrote Bernard Barton, in 1839, "the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day—to increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and loveable in all I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall very far short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt, and tasted; but it is better than nothing—it serves to keep the feelings and affections in exercise—it keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and, till we shall be all spiritual, this is alike our duty and our interest."

COUNTRY LIFE IN RUSSIA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF NICHOLAS GOGOL.

I LOVE the quiet solitary life passed in their country-houses by the old-fashioned inhabitants of Lower Russia. I fancy now that I can see the mansion, surrounded by a gallery, supported on slender columns of dark wood, thus affording a sheltered promenade on the outside. Behind, and at each side of the house, stretched long rows of mulberry, cherry, and plumb-trees; in front was a green, smooth lawn, shadowed by some fine old beech trees. Two narrow paths led, one to the kitchen, the other to the sitting-rooms; and in a clear pool of water near the gate swam a snowy goose, with her soft yellow offspring. Along the hedge were suspended long strings of dried apples and pears, intermingled with mats and carpets put out in the air; and a cart, loaded with melons, stood at the barn door.

All these objects have a charm for me: they recall the memory of a kind old couple, whom it was the delight of my childhood to visit. Athanasius Ivanovitch Tovstogoub was the name of the husband, and Pulcheria Ivanovna Tovstogoubitska of the wife. The former was a tall man of sixty years, with a smilling, benovelent countenance, and he constantly wore a camlet pelisse lined with sheepskin Pulcheria seldom laughed, but the expression of her face was soft and kind; and she took the utmost pleasure in welcoming her guests, and pressing them to partake of her good cheer. They had never had a child, so that their mutual affection was completely centered in each other.

The apartments in their house were small and low, and each was heated by an immense stove; for Athanasius and Pulcheria loved warmth, and kept the fireplaces constantly replenished with straw, which in Lower Russia is used instead of wood. The walls of the principal room were decorated with a variety of old paintings and engravings, and amongst them a portrait of Peter III., and another representing the Duchess de la Valliére. The floors were all of baked clay, but so smooth, and kept so scrupulously clean, that I always preferred them to boards. Pulcheria's own room was filled with old odd-looking chests and boxes, while the walls were covered with bags of flower seeds, dried cucumbers, and other vegetables. She was a great manager, and loved to lay up a variety of useless garments, and superannuated articles of furniture. The chairs were of dark massive wood, and high backs and narrow seats, neither stuffed nor varnished; the tables were small and square; and the carpet woven in a pattern of birds and flowers, not always easily distinguishable from each other. The servants' hall was filled with women and girls dressed in coarse striped gowns. Their mistress gave them needlework to do, and fruits to pick and prepare for drying; but half their time was passed in dozing by the fire.

Athanasius Ivanovitch troubled himself very little about his affairs, save that he used to walk about his fields and look idly at the operations of his reapers and mowers. All the weight of the domestic administration, therefore, rested on Pulcheria Ivanovna; and her duties principally consisted in opening and shutting her store rooms, curing, drying, or salting all sorts of meat, fruit, and vegetables. During the summer a large fire was kept perpetually lighted beneath an appletree in the garden; over it an iron tripod supported a deep stove-pan, in which were cooked incessantly preserves, jellies, and *pastilas*—a sweetmeat composed of sugar and honey. Under another tree a man-servant was busy distilling brandy from peach and mulberry leaves and cherry kernels. In short, such a quantity of good things were annually prepared, that the store-rooms and cellars would scarcely have sufficed to contain them, had it not happened that the greater portion of these provisions was secretly devoured by the domestics. The steward in league with the *starostu* (chief of the serfs) robbed their mistress without mercy. They used to cut down the fine old oaks, and dispose of them at the neighboring fairs. One day Pulcheria Ivanovna expressed a wish to inspect her woods. Accordingly a *droschki*, enveloped in enormous leathern aprons, was brought out; and the old coachman moved his lips, and produced a series of discordant sounds, in order to inspirit his horses. The machine began to move, and in so doing, emitted such a screaming noise, that the whole neighborhood became cognizant of the fact, that the lady was leaving her mansion for a drive. Pulcheria Ivanovna failed not to perceive the extermination of her ancient oaks.

"How is it, Nitchipor," she said to her steward, who accompanied her, "that the oaks, like your own hairs, have become so few and scattered?"

"Few and scattered?" replied the steward: "they have all disappeared! Lightning has struck down some, the worms have eaten others; in short, they are gone, madam—all gone!"

Pulcheria Ivanovna returned home, quite satisfied with this reply, and gave orders to her people to look well after the Spanish cherry-trees and large winter pear-trees. Her worthy ministers, the steward and the *starosta*, discovered that it was quite useless to store up all the flour in their master's granary, and that he must be content with half. Yet despite the wholesale speculation carried on by every member of the household—from the lady's maid, who fingered the choice preserves, to the pigs, who swallowed incredible heaps of apples and plumbs—despite also the liberal presents made to friends and visitors—the grounds were so vast and fertile, and produced everything in such abundance, that the diminution of their stores was never perceived by Athanasius or Pulcheria.

The old couple were fond of good living. They rose early, and had their coffee; then Athanasius strolled out about his grounds, and conversed with his steward, who, old fox that he was, knew well how to flatter his master into the belief that everything went on right. When Athanasius went in, he would say, "Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't you think 'tis time to eat something?"

"I don't know what you can eat now, Athanasius Ivanovitch, except the little pork patties, or those seasoned with poppy seeds, or else a dish of salted mushrooms."

"Let us have the mushrooms and the patties, too, my heart."

"An hour before dinner, Athanasius usually drank a portion of brandy from an ancient silver cup, seasoning it with a few small dried fish. At noon they dined. Besides the dishes and sauce boats, the table was usually covered with a number of little jars, hermetically sealed, in order that the aroma of their highly-seasoned contents might not escape. The conversation generally turned on the business of the hour.

"I think this flummery is a little burnt. What do you think of it, Pulcheria Ivanovna?"

"No, Athanasius Ivanovitch. Four some more melted butter over it, and some mushroom sauce, and then you won't think it burnt."

After dinner, the old man usually slept for an hour; afterwards his wife would bring in a cut water melon, saying, "Will you taste this beautiful melon, Athanasius Ivanovitch?"

"Ah, Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't depend on its red color," said her husband, helping himself, however to a huge slice: "there are some fine rosy-looking melons that are good for nothing."

The melon, however, soon disappeared. Then Athanasius Ivanovitch ate some pears, and went to take a turn in the garden with his wife. When they returned to the house, the good lady occupied herself with her household affairs, while her husband, seated in an easy chair, looking idly on, watching the constant opening and shutting of the store-room, and the servants bringing sieves and baskets backwards and forwards. After a time, he would say, "What shall we eat, Pulcheria Ivanovna?"

"Would you like some gooseburry puffs?"

"Very much,"*

"Perhaps you'd prefer a little *kissel*?"*

"Let us try both."

Before supper, Athanasius Ivanovitch generally ate a few other trifles. At nine o'clock a supper was served. They then retired for the night, and the busy household became still. The room was so hot, that few persons could have supported its temperature; but Athanasius, in order to be warmer still, had his bed made on the top of a stove, the heat of which, however, sometimes became so great, that he was forced to rise in the middle of the night, and walk about the room groaning occasionally.

"Why do you groan?" Pulcheria would ask.

"Because I feel my stomach uneasy."

"Would you like to eat something, Athanasius Ivanovitch?"

"I dare say it would do me good, Pulcheria Ivanovna: what would you recommend?"

"Curds and whey, or some dried pears."

"Well let us have them;" and a servant, only half-awake, was sent to rummage the larder.

Then Athanasius, after eating a good plateful, would say, "I feel much better now;" and returning to bed, he would sleep tranquilly till morning.

These good people appeared to most advantage when they received guests. Then they seemed but to live for the comfort of their friends. The best of everything that their house could produce was offered with the utmost cordiality; and there was nothing affected in this display of hospitality; you saw in their countenances the pleasure they felt when their dainties were duly accepted. Never was any visitor allowed to depart on the day of his arrival: he must always remain to sleep.

"You must not think of going," Athanasius would say: "who knows but that robbers may attack you."

"Yes," would add Pulcheria; "and then the night is dark, and the road bad, and your coachman, besides, being a weak little man, is half-asleep in the kitchen by this time." So the visitor was forced to remain, and spend a pleasant, tranquil evening. I fancy now that I can see the figure of Athanasius Ivanovitch bent forward in his arm-chair, listening with his perpetual placid smile to his friend's discourse. The visitor, who himself left his country-house, hazarded a number of political conjectures—related in a mysterious tone how the French and English had secretly combined to send Bonaparte again to Russia; or else he discussed the war which was then convulsing Europe.

Then Athanasius, affecting not to see Pulcheria, would say, "I intend myself to go to the wars: why should not I be a soldier?"

"Just hear him," cried Pulcheria: "don't mind a word he says. How could he, in his old age, set out for the wars. Why, the first soldier he met would kill him."

"Not at all," replied Athanasius; "I would kill him"

"Listen to him?" resumed Pulcheria. "How could he go to the wars? His pistols and his sword are lying in the lumber-room covered with rust. If you only saw them! They would surely explode and cut his face: my poor old man would be disfigured for the rest of his days!"

"Well," retorted Athanasius, "I'll buy new arms: I'll get a sabre and a Cossack lance."

"What folly you talk!" cried Pulcheria Ivanovna. "I know well you are jesting; but such jokes always make me feel uncomfortable." And Athanasius Ivanovitch, satisfied with having frightened his wife a little, smiled, and was silent.

It was pleasant to hear Pulcheria pressing a guest to breakfast.

"Here," she would say, taking the stopper out of the bottle, "is brandy made with mint, an excellent thing for a pain in the back And here is some more made with centery, most efficacious against singing in the ears or pimples on the face. Here is another bottle flavored with peach kernels; just try a small glassful. If you happen, when rising in the morning, to strike your forehead against the sharp corner of the bedpost, so that a swelling is produced, you have only to take a little of this before dinner, and the mark will soon disappear!"

Then she would conduct her guest to a table covered with a number of small plates.

"Here are mushrooms stewed with pepper, and some others done with gillyflower water. These are preserved walnuts. I learned a peculiar mode of doing them from a Turkish woman at the time when there were Turkish prisoners in the country. Here is a preserve which I learned to make from Father Ivan. You take a small barrel, and put in it first a layer of oak-leaves, then pepper and saltpetre, then mushrooms, and cover them over with the flowers of the *nitchouineter*.† Here are cheese patties, and some others made of cabbage and black corn, which Athanasius Ivanovitch likes very much."

I loved to visit these good people, although I generally returned with a fit of indigestion. Certainly the air of Lower Russia aids the functions of the stomach, else its hospitable inhabitants would soon find themselves in their coffins.

At length a change came over this peaceful household: the health of Pulcheria Ivanovna began to decline. Gradually she grew weaker and thinner; and one day she said to her husband, "Athanasius Ivanovitch, when I die, will you have me dressed in my grey spotted robe? Don't waste my red striped satin one, but have it made into a dressing-gown for yourself; it will be very handsome for you to receive visitors in."

"How you talk, Pulcheria Ivanovna. God only knows when death will come to any of us; and here you frighten me with such words!"

"My heart, I feel that I must soon die; but don't grieve too much. I am old, and you are old yourself; we shall soon meet again in a better world"

Athanasius Ivanovitch sobbed like a child.

"Don't cry, my husband; don't make God angry by resisting his will. All I regret in dying is, that I know not to whom I can intrust you. Who will take care of you when I am gone. Who will love you as I do?" And calling her own confidential servant, she said to her, "Listen, Tavdoka; when I am dead, you must take care of your master as if he were the apple of your eye or your only child. Mind that his favorite dishes are prepared in the way he likes, and that his clothes and linen are clean and well aired. Watch him continually, Tavdoka, and God will reward you. You are old yourself, and must soon go to your account; don't then, have the sin on your soul of neglecting your master for a moment."

Poor old woman! notwithstanding her increasing weakness, she regulated all her domestic affairs, so that her husband should not suffer from her loss. Soon afterwards she was confined to her bed, and her appetite totally failed. Athanasius Ivanovitch never left her side.

"Won't you try to eat something, Pulcheria Ivanovna?" he repeated incessantly.

But his wife could not reply. At length her lips moved, as if she tried in vain to speak, and with one sigh her spirit departed.

Athanasius Ivanovitch was stunned. He wept not, but stared at the dead with dull, fixed eyes. They placed Pulcheria on a table, dressed her in the robe she had chosen, her arms crossed on her breast, and placed a lighted taper between her stiffened fingers. He watched the whole operation with an air of insensibility. A crowd of people assembled on the day of interment. In front of the house were ranged long tables, covered with *kontia*,* baked meats, pasties, and flasks of brandy. The guests conversed, wept, looked at the dead, spoke of her good qualities, and watched Athanasius Ivanovitch. He walked to and fro among his friends with an air of stupefaction, not noticing any one. At length the procession was formed; the body was raised on its open bier; the crowd moved after it, following the priests, wearing gold-embroidered robes. On arriving at the cemetery, the corpse was laid down near the grave prepared for it, and Athansius Ivanovitch was invited to approach, and give his wife a last embrace. He obeyed mechanically; tears flowed from his eyes, but he felt them not. Then the coffin was lowered; the priest threw the first shovelful of clay on it; the attendant choristers began to chant the *vetchnaia pamiat* (eternal memory) in a low monotonous tone. In a few moments the grave was filled up, and sods placed over it. Then advanced Athanasius Ivanovitch; he first looked round with a bewildered air, then at the tomb, and said, "Why have you buried her?—why"—But he did not finish the sentence.

But when he returned to the house, when he saw Pulcheria Ivanovna's room empty, and even the arm chair she used to occupy removed, he sobbed bitterly, and the tears flowed like rivers from his darkened eyes.

Five years had elapsed since the death of Pulcheria Ivanovna, when, happening to be in the neighborhood of his demesne, I went to visit Athanasius Ivanovitch. The old place showed evident marks of neglect and decay; the paling round the court was broken down, the trees and shrubs were overgrown and straggling—even the old dogs looked starved and miserable. The master of the house came out to meet me; he was bent nearly double, but the habitual smile was on his drawn lips. I followed him within doors, and we sat down to table; but the repast, though sufficiently abundant, was not prepared with the same care as formerly.

A servant fastened a napkin beneath his master's chin, to prevent his soiling his dress while eating. I tried to amuse him by recounting different anecdotes; and apparently he listened, but I saw that his thoughts were far away. Once he threw down a decanter, while trying to help himself to wild fowl; and his attendant was obliged to guide his hand towards his mouth. A plate of little cakes called *muichkis* was brought in, and his lip trembled, and his eyes filled as he said, "These were the cakes that—that—my late,"—and bursting into tears, he let the plate fall from his hand. A few days after, Athanasius Ivanovitch was walking in his garden; he paced the alleys feebly and slowly, his head, as usual, bent down. Suddenly he stopped, and said to his attendant, "Did you hear that voice?"

"No sir, I heard nothing."

"Pulcheria Ivanovna called me." And possessed by this idea, that he had been summoned by his dead wife, the old man gradually pined away.—Faithful to the end, his last words were, "Lay me beside Pulcheria Ivanovna." His wish was fulfilled, and now the old couple sleep peacefully side by side.

Their lands became the property of a young spendthrift, who took no pains to preserve the old mansion; and the last time I visited the spot, a few roofless walls and straggling fruit-trees were all that remained to mark where had stood the once hospitable dwelling of Athanasius Ivanovitch and Pulcheria Ivanovna.

* A sweetmeat composed of rice, sugar and raisins, and especially used at funeral feasts.

CLERICAL COSTUME SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

THAT the fashions of this world passeth away, is a proposition as self-evident now as it was when St. Paul uttered that truism, which has served for a text to sermons, which no man can number. I would not terrify the reader by leading him to suppose that I am about to enumerate *all* the fashions that have passed away since the beginning of the present century. My present purpose is to speak of two or three only and to begin with the change that has taken place in the *habits* of the clergy.

I am not prepared to say that, fifty years ago, it would have been thought a desecration of the "sacred desk," if a clergyman had appeared in it without a wig, but it would have been talked of as a singular instance of affectation, if one, who had passed the middle age, should have ventured to walk up the pulpit stairs, destitute of such an essential ornament to his head; and I presume that it was an indispensable article in the costume of a doctor of divinity. Doctors of this class were not then so plentiful as they are now. Whether the increase in these late years has been owing to the cheapness of parchment and the facility with which sheepskin may be made to undergo the process of conversion to that species of merchandize, or whether the supply has kept pace with the demand, are questions I will not undertake to answer; but I think it is undeniable, that with the decrease of wigs, the consumption of parchment has wonderfully increased, as will appear manifest to any one who will take the pains to compare the annunciation of diplomas on commencement days, at the various colleges in New England, with the record of fifty years.

The wig was not an adornment peculiar to the metropolitan clergyman. The shepherd of the rural flock had one of as orthodox dimensions and as nicely fitted curls as he of the proudest city. I remember an incident—a veritable fact,—that may prove the truth of the assertion, if any incredulous scoffer should pretend to doubt. In one of the towns of Connecticut, a little child, (one, probably, who had not been habituated to attendance on public worship) being at play, and seeing a minister approaching in the street, ran to his mother in great trepidation, and told her there was a man coming with one of their sheep on his shoulders, which he supposed he had taken from their pasture. Those, who remember the display made by some of the Boston clergy at that time, will not wonder at the mistake made by this honest little native of the "land of steady habits." Of the wigs most conspicuous among the reverend gentleman just referred to, were those of the reverend Doctors Howard of the West Church, West of the Church in Hollis street, Lathrop of the Second Church, and Stillman of the First Baptist Church.—The wig of Doctor Eliot of the New North was of a different fashion—a dark brown, and with fewer curls, a sort of a hybrid, something between a *scratch* and a *full-bottom*; while that of Dr. Walter of Christ Church, was of a sort of iron-grey complexion, in which it was not easy to tell whether the black or the white had the higher claim to predominance.

If the elder members of the profession had the exclusive privilege of wearing the full-bottomed wig, the younger ones were not prohibited the use of all exoteric garnishment about the head. The *queue*, as the French called it, or, in Yankee phrase, the *false tail*, was allowable, and I have seen ministers with these appendages, of most prodigious length, done up with several yards of ribbon, in resemblance not unlike a huge club of ebony. The curling-tongs were a useful implement in the preparation of the *ear-locks* and *fore-top*; and a generous expenditure of pomatum and hair powder was indispensable. With all these appliances, skillfully managed, the young evangelist was enabled to *compare*—if not compete—*favorably* with the seniors of the wig. Both young and old wore the three-cornered hat. It was a sight to see the Rev. Messrs. Morse, Kirkland, Emerson, and other gentlemen of their age, rustling through the crowds around the church doors on a Sunday, with their powdered heads and cocked hats, but a sight which the present generation of church-goers have never beheld. Poor souls! they came into the world too late by near fifty years. I believe that the Rev. Messrs. Channing, Lowell, and Buckminister were the first who ventured to disregard the authority of custom, and appear in public in the *undress* uniform of a round hat.

I am surprized that, in this age of inquiry, none of our learned men, or scientific and philosophical societies, have instituted an investigation concerning this matter of cocked hats, as a mark of distinction, and especially among the reverend clergy. It has been supposed by some, that it was originally adopted as an evidence that the wearer was a believer in the doctrine of a divine Trinity; but then the fact that every body believed,—or professed to believe,—or did not dare to say he disbelieved.—that doctrine, and as every body, who pretended to be any body, wore a cocked hat, the supposition falls to the ground; for, what every body believes is known to be believed by every body without any such significant signal, and what every body wears distinguishes nobody from any body else. Q. E. D. But, however this mystery may be unravelled, one thing is very certain, namely, that, with the dissemination and growth of the Unitarian heresy, the wigs and the cocked hats, the *queues* and the curled or frizzled ear-locks, the powder and the pomatum, vanished from the heads of the clergy, except here and there one, who had too much veneration for a custom, venerable for its antiquity, to throw them aside in a hasty or inconsiderate manner. A question has also been raised, whether the Unitarian did not banish the three-cornered hat lest he should be taken for a disciple of St. Athanasius, and, when examined, be subject to an imputation of insincerity; and whether the Trinitarian did not discard it, lest he should be thought arrogant and ostentatious, for wearing an outward sign of his inward faith, and thus attempting to show his faith by the cock of his hat. At any rate there is no doubt that this "effect defective came by cause,"—perhaps by the consentient action of all the interested parties.

Not long after the disappearance of the wigs and cocked hats, the small-clothes, (breeches, they were called in former times, and no one was so squeamish as to think there was anything immodest implied by the term—"to the pure all things are pure,"—) and the knee-buckles also took their departure. I am not able to name the first clergymen that had the audacity to clothe his legs in pantaloons; but whoever he was, I have no doubt that he was pronounced an odd-fellow, and that he was thought to have derogated much from the clerical character. But when innovations upon time-honored customs are once treated with clemency, there is no telling where their career will stop. The age of wigs, cocked hats, small-clothes, knee-buckles, and other smaller and less important appliances to personal investment, has passed away. Even black broad-cloth has been banished from the every-day clerical wardrobe, and its prerogative invaded by the blues, the greens, the olives, and the browns, with such intermixtures of these colors as would defy all analysis, even by the genius of chemistry.

Now, it must be acknowledged that the changes here spoken of are real improvements, and are unmistakable signs of "progress." They increase ten-fold,—perhaps a hundred-f